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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE NO. 1907.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

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LESSONS FROM GRAVES.

BY REV. J. B. SILCOX.

Some one has said that a grave, wherever found, preaches to the soul a short, earnest sermon. I felt the truth of this last summer, as I stood by the graves of some of the world's distinguished dead, across the sea. Surrounded with the rush and war of London's ever busy life is that famous God's acre, "Bunhill Fields," the "Campo Santo" of our own non-conformist forefathers, the "Puritan necropolis" of England. Here—

"Within the city's heart of hearts is kept, In sacred silence, that no din can break The sleeping dead who did most valiant things For conscience and for freedom long ago."

In this famous field of graves lie the remains of such worthies as Isaac Watts, the heaven-inspired hymn-writer; John Bunyan, who, from prison-cells, saw the hills of Beulah shining fair; John Owen, "the great dissenter," who preached before the House of Commons the day after the execution of Charles I. The graves of Nasmith, founder of the City Missions; Hughes, founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and Buxton of emancipation fame, are here. These are some of the heroes

"Who won our battles for us; not, indeed, With clash of bayonets, thunder of the guns And trampling down to death of other men; But by the force of noble character And faithful purpose, by the cutting power Of pen and tongue, and subtle influence, Before which weapons many a wrong went down."

The grave that held me longest in that sacred enclosure was the grave of Susanah Wesley. The same marble slab that her sons John and Charles erected over mother's grave still marks her last resting-place. The defaced inscription tells us that "here lies the body of Susanah Wesley, widow of Rev. Samuel Wesley, died July 1743, aged 73 years."

"In sure and certain hope to rise And claim her mansion in the skies, A Christian here her flesh laid down, The cross exchanging for a crown."

What an eloquent sermon John Wesley must have preached the day he stood here on his mother's grave and preached to the great multitude from the text, "I saw a great white throne." But what an eloquent sermon on woman's far-reaching influence for good is silently preached to us by the grave of this godly mother. By her holy life and teaching, she trained her sons for God's service, and through them she has helped to fill the world with Christian truth and holy song, and heaven with redeemed souls.

In that great "magazine of mortality," Westminster Abbey, are the tombs of philosophers, philanthropists, poets, statesmen, warriors, kings—"the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown." The grave that affected me most was the grave of David Livingstone. I came upon it unexpectedly as I was walking down the aisle of the Abbey one Sunday at the close of the afternoon service. I reverently paused, for I felt that here was the grave of one of Christ's most princely men. On the black marble slab I read these significant words—"Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveler, Philanthropist. Born March 19, 1813. Died May 1, 1873, at Chetamba's village, Ulala. For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearying effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, to abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words, he wrote, 'All I can add in my solitude is, 'May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English or Turk who will help to heal the open sore of the world.' Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, then, also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." I forgot the sermon I heard that day in the Abbey, but I will never forget this sermon that was silently preached to me, as I reverently lingered at the grave of that devoted missionary of the Cross.

At such a grave we cannot help praying that God will, in some way, use us in his high and holy service. Our lives are worth only what they are worth to Christ and his cause. Well might Rutherford say, "If I had ten thousand lives, Christ should have them all."

The first monument I looked on in St. Paul's Cathedral was General Gordon's. The inscription is itself an earnest, inspiring sermon, because it is so true of the man. On one side of the cenotaph is this "Major-General Charles Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." On the opposite side, "He saved an empire by his warlike genius, he ruled vast provinces with wisdom, justice and power; and, lastly, in obedience to his sovereign's command, he laid down his life in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children from imminent and deadly peril. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his

friends' (St. John xv: 13)." It is our privilege to live as great and useful a life as the hero of Taeping and Khartoum. We can give our strength to the weak, our substance to the poor, our sympathy to the suffering, and our heart to God as did he. In all our villages and cities there are scores of boys going to the bad because men of intelligence and ability will not do for them what Gordon did for ignorant, neglected boys of that part of London which for a time was his home. He gathered them into his house and taught them out of the Bible how to live pure, brave manly lives. He was grander before that class of ignorant boys than he was at the head of his "ever-victorious army" in China, or in his lonely watch on the desert.

Two graves in Paris specially impressed me, though in a different manner. One was the magnificent mausoleum of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalides; the other was the humbler tomb of Victor Hugo in the Pantheon. Napoleon used his colossal powers in schemes for his own glory. Victor Hugo consecrated his superior genius to the advocacy of justice and humanity to the poor and the wronged of France. The one lived for self; the other lived for humanity. No tears are shed over the gorgeous tomb of Napoleon. Men may admire the splendor of his genius, but they detest the selfishness of his ambition. But at the grave of Victor Hugo I saw the common people and the poor of France reverently gather and pile his tomb high with wreaths of genuine affection and gratitude. What sermons against greed and for generosity are preached by these two graves! The man that lives for self lives for the smallest and meanest thing in the universe. He who lives for Christ and humanity lives nobly. It is helpful and inspiring to stand by the graves of those who have consecrated high position and great talents to the service of God and man. They are our lords and leaders—"the sceptered sovereigns who rule our spirits from their urns." Being dead, they yet speak. It is indeed true that every grave preaches a sermon. Therefore—

"While we reverently honor the dead Who once were great, as we shall never be, Let us go cheerily along our way, Thankful for them, yet hopeful for ourselves."

San Diego.

THANKS.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I am happy to see that THE PACIFIC'S stock of i's and o's was equal to the immense demand made upon them by our mathematical brother. I am glad that the brother says that "an appeal from anxious women always touches my heart," for, certainly, unless the same had been asserted, no woman would ever have given him credit for a speck of that much-abused muscle.

We "anxious women" had calculated as far as number 4, but thought it waste of time to pursue our calculations further. We saw from that that if all responded we should soon have our needs supplied; besides giving the inhabitants of Pluto's region a chance to contribute. We knew that even though Cerberus were six-headed instead of three, he could never have seen that these "anxious women" had so impoverished the earth by their "round robin" that Charon would henceforth be obliged to ferry free, or Pluto's subjects would not feel free.

Further than this, these simple-minded women, these lazy women, these unsophisticated women, had mingled with the world, and there met many score of growlers, cranks, neglected people, careless people, etc.

So, as they were debating the matter, a long array of the same people passed in long procession. Those foolish women then decided to set the number high. We have found the cranks, the growlers. We have had private opinions privately expressed, and private opinions publicly expressed.

Mr. Cruzan was at liberty to throw his paper in the waste-basket. Moreover, he might have written a kindly, Christian letter to those benighted women, giving them from the depth of that kindly heart wholesome advice and substantial sympathy in the way of a dollar.

I am led to believe it a most excellent plan. Uncle Sam profits, the stationer is blessed, the lazy are roused, and all are given an opportunity to assist.

When Gabriel blows the last trump the growlers will be all ready to set their faces awry, and declare the blast too loud, since their neighbor, forsooth, may hear it.

The crank will declare he could have wound the horn better. Some will be there whose robes will be clogged with selfishness; but I sincerely hope that no one will be so weighed down with mathematical calculations as to be unable to ascend, or who will stop to count how far such a blast would go in a certain number of minutes.

Thanks to the writer from Salem. Glad to find some one to defend us. Hope we shall succeed in our effort. If you will call Thanksgiving we shall give

you a dinner, gotten up in order to pay for our bell. When Brother Cruzan again passes through our town we hope he will call, walk upon our "round robin" carpet, sit upon our "round robin" cushioned seats, and be assured that he will be treated with all the courtesy possible, and the subject of his mathematical calculations entirely forgotten.

We "anxious women" are happy to receive advice, and hope we shall still have plenty in the future, since it is the cheapest thing to give and there is so little demand for it. ONE OF THE ANXIOUS.

NEGATIVE OFFENSES.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

We do not feel very sensitive, any of us, under an impeachment that pronounces us guilty of a "sin of omission." It does not allege against us the cherishing of some evil desire, the gratification of some unhallowed appetite, the triumph of some carnal passion, nor any breach of just and righteous rule of action.

There is no evidence that we have been tempted beyond our power of self-control, and have stepped over the restraints of Divine legislation, and of an honest conscience, and have wantonly and willfully trodden a forbidden path.

We have not laid hands upon what was not ours; we have committed no injury upon another in body, mind, or estate, or any department of his being or his treasures, and have not gone out of our way to mislead one from the path of peace and safety.

In such case, it would seem as though we might challenge any companion or acquaintance for proof of any step taken to his disadvantage, and defy all inquisition and conviction.

And, yet, beyond this whole field of personal innocence, there may be on our nature, in many a walk of life, and many a bond of fellowship, a stain of deepest criminality. Our inaction may be of a deeper and more tragic temper and character than many a deed of cruelty and shame.

Why, if one have fallen from our side into the depth of tidal water, and struggle against the devouring wave, and shout for help and rescue, and we stand looking quietly on, making no effort at rescue, not giving the alarm—with what condemnation were such cool inaction worthy to be stamped?

Or, one stands outside a burning dwelling in the hours of night, the sleepers within unconscious, and no crowd hurrying to the rescue, and this beholder lifts up no voice and puts forth no effort to effect an alarm and deliverance, but goes silently and quietly on—what language would adequately express his guilt, and speak his condemnation?

So, if one of our comrades were walking in mental and moral darkness, and we could communicate illumination, and yet never lifted a beam of light—how heinous were such practical wrong?

If there were poverty we could enrich, or suffering we could relieve, temptation we could offset and antagonize—how cool were our malevolence and how positive, if we were wholly undemonstrative?

So, through all the round of our personal experience, to see and feel a summons to generous and beneficent effort, and yet make not response, other than that of a silent negative—how deep were the guilt of such a sin of omission?

Let us frankly regard our daily story, see if it underlie such shame, and exercise our soul in penitence and abounding fruitfulness.

THE JAPANESE PLAN OF UNION.

There is a hopeful prospect that this "Plan" will be abandoned, after all. As stated in THE PACIFIC last week, the Prudential Committee of the American Board has cabled to our missionaries in Japan, advising a postponement of its consummation, and a letter was to follow setting forth reasons, and no doubt informing them of the numerous remonstrances against it in this country. It is stated that the Committee were hearty and unanimous in favor of this action. It is also understood that Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis and Mr. Neesima do not favor the Japanese movement. A friend in Boston writes me that "it is thought the matter may be quietly adjusted, without any serious complication." J. C. H.

MOODY CHOR.

The choir to lead the singing in connection with the evangelistic meetings of Mr. D. L. Moody will meet at the Young Men's Christian Association for organization next Friday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, punctually, to be conducted by Mr. J. J. Morris. All the young people from the various churches in the city are cordially invited to meet Mr. Morris at the above hour and place. The new Gospel Hymns No. 5 will be used. Tickets of admission will be issued admitting all members of the choir by a special door, so that they will have the advantage of entering the Pavilion without getting into the large crowd.

LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, Nov. 19th.

The book "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is being eagerly read. Many copies have been bought at the stores. The ministers are preaching upon it. The newspapers, besides reviewing it, are reporting what is said in the pulpits about it. The Hartford Ministers' Meeting has discussed it at length; everybody having, with avidity, devoured it, were ready to offer either a thoughtful opinion or snap utterance respecting it. It is easily the book of the season. It has been classed with George Eliot's novels, both being women and alike in the character of their incidents and the life portrayed.

I have read the book with more than usual interest, and have followed up some of the numerous reviews which have come to my knowledge respecting it. Mr. Gladstone reviewed Mrs. Ward's book, and so impressed were the editors of the Chicago Advance with the book or the review that it republished the notice in its crowded columns. Much more might be stated of the extensive interest this book has created. A minister sat with his wife on Saturday last, and she asked, "Dear, what are you going to preach on to-morrow?" He replied: "My text may be found in 'Robert Elsmere,' 3d chapter, 2d verse." The book seems to be worthy of the interest so well sustained.

The character of Robert Elsmere is predominantly intellectual. We feel, however, that his intellectual doubts are not traced with quite the smoothness of change that we might have expected in one who, first taking orders in the English Established Church, drifts into open revolt, and an attempt to found an independent church in East London. We are left in doubt whether his sympathy for the poor and the artisan class was not rather that of one who could not find ground to stand on in the old order, rather than attributable to his renouncing a belief in miracles, the resurrection and the supernatural parts of the Bible. We feel that the book is entitled to this criticism. She does not leave him a hero, either of the head or the heart. Together with other characters, she dispatched him by death before we had got through with him.

The more is this the pity, since it seems that his church effort survived. It is a fact that there are in East London such religious bodies as Elsmere started. Indeed, the book is intensely realistic. To trace the characters through and refresh them to the mind would be pleasant. There are, however, many views and lights in which the book is held by those who have read it. I suppose, by this time, the book is circulating freely on your Coast. The author is a granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the niece of Matthew Arnold, and the daughter of Thomas Arnold, who was, for a while, a professor in the university at Dublin, finally settling down to literary life in Oxford. In 1872 Miss Arnold married Thomas Humphry Ward, an Oxford man, and, at that time, a tutor of Brasenose College. He is now an art critic on the Times. They live in Russell Square in London, near the British Museum, and count among their neighbors Miss Christina Rossetti and William Michael Rossetti. This is not her first work. It is now being read and reviewed quite as extensively in America as in England.

A most gigantic piece of literary work is being prosecuted by Rev. Dr. Chester D. Hartnaff, President of the Hartford Theological Seminary. He has been charged with editing the Schwenckfeldian manuscripts. Accordingly, he has visited, the past summer, fifty-one libraries and archives of Europe, and has sent out 1,200 circulars to glean knowledge of the work of the Silesian nobleman and reformer Caspar Schwenckfeld von Ossig, who lived 400 years ago. At Hanover, Wolfenbittel, Harpersdorf, Göttingen, Halle and Wittenburg, he effected good finds, and now has scores of copyists at work for him in places in Austria and Germany. About \$60,000 has been subscribed by the remaining 200 descendants of Caspar, who authorized Dr. Hartnaff to edit this new material of history. It is claimed for Caspar that his particular views of church and state were much in advance of his age; first, he believed in the entire separation of church and state; second, the equality of the laity and the clergy; third, the absolute freedom of conscience on fundamental religious points. As these are distinguishing characteristics of Congregationalists, we are not without interest in the man and his biography, which is now in the hands of our eminent townsman. G. G. M.

The average annual olive oil crop of Syria alone is worth more than two million of dollars. It is estimated that about two and a half acres of land will support two hundred olive trees, and that these furnish enough income for a small family.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAY, 901 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. COLE, 572 Twelfth St. Oakland, Cal.
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Mrs. J. H. WARREN, 1816 Mason St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.
Mrs. S. S. SMITH, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held in Plymouth church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, December 5th, at 2:30 P.M. Meeting of Executive Committee at 1:30 P.M.

THE YOUNG LADIES' BRANCH.

In spite of the storm, a few members gathered on Saturday afternoon, November 17th, at the First Congregational church, Oakland, for the quarterly meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch. The President, Miss Anna Deering, led the meeting, and, after the singing of a hymn, read from II Corinthians, eighth and ninth chapters. The Home and Recording Secretaries being both absent, no notes of the annual meeting were read. The Foreign Secretary read two interesting letters from our missionary, Miss Gunnison, who repeats her request for prayers for herself, and for the Mission with which she is temporarily laboring. After another hymn, a paper upon Turkey was read by Miss Tenney. At the close of the meeting, a short season of prayer followed for Divine aid in the work before the Young Ladies' Branch for the year. A sister worker from the East brought greetings from societies in her State. The meeting closed by singing "To the Work," and the Lord's Prayer in concert.

The following is the third annual report of the Treasurer of the Young Ladies' Branch for the year ending August 18, 1888:

Received from—	
Alameda—Congregational church.	\$ 10 00
Berkeley—Mrs. Maria M. Wiley.	5 00
Berkeley—Young ladies.	5 05
Berkeley—Congregational church.	10 75
King's Seed-Sowers.	10 00
Cloverdale—Gleaners.	10 00
Haywards—Christian Endeavor Soci.	7 50
Los Angeles—Southern Gleaners.	20 00
Los Angeles—First Cong'l church.	27 10
Young Ladies' Missionary Society.	15 00
Martinez—Young Ladies' Society.	15 00
Oakland—Plymouth-avenue church.	45 00
Oakland—First Cong'l church, Young	243 00
Ladies' Mission Circle.	17 00
Santa Cruz—Cheerful Workers.	50 00
San Francisco—First Cong'l church.	50 00
Young Ladies' Society.	75 00
San Francisco—Plymouth church.	50 00
Plymouth Mission Circle.	75 00
San Francisco—Third Cong'l church.	50 00
Alpha Kappa Society.	100 00
San Francisco—Bethany church.	12 00
Bethany Gleaners.	100 00
San Francisco—Bethany church.	12 00
Bethany Sunbeams.	12 00

Total receipts for the year.....\$702 40
Our pledge for this year was \$700, leaving in the treasury \$2 40.

GRACE E. GOODHUE, Treasurer.
We also publish the Treasurer's report of the Oregon and Washington Branch for the year ending June 30, 1888:

TREASURER'S REPORT.	
Receipts—	
Salem—Ladies' Missionary Society.	\$ 26 25
Walla Walla—Ladies' Missionary	9 00
Walla Walla—Cheerful Givers.	2 50
Wheaton—Mrs. Jos. Wolfe.	2 00
Portland—First church ladies.	49 50
Colfax—Ladies' Missionary Society.	10 00
Houghton—Ladies.	5 40
Forest Grove—Ladies' Missionary So-	36 00
Atahump—Ladies' Missionary Society.	38 70
Anacortes—Ladies' Missionary Soci-	26 80
Spokane Falls—Ladies' Missionary	7 20
Society.	5 00
Spokane Falls—Joyful Workers.	11 50
Seattle—Ladies' Missionary Society.	7 50
Seattle—Helping Hands.	45 00
Willamette—Association.	10 00
Albion—Church.	22 30
Beaverton—Church.	3 05
Corvallis—Ladies' Missionary Society	3 45
Corvallis—Bury Bees.	10 25
Hood River—Ladies' Missionary Soci-	8 10
Stellacoom—Ladies.	8 00
Olympia—Ladies.	1 50
Seattle—Taylor Memorial, Ladies'	7 15
Missionary Society.	7 00
Pullman—Ladies' Missionary Society	10 00
Oregon City—Ladies' Missionary Soci-	23 00
city.	8 00
Oregon City—Mission Circle.	3 00
Mr. Zion—Ladies' Missionary Society	5 10
Hokomish—Willing Workers.	2 60
Chenay—Ladies' Missionary Society.	6 10
Christopher—Church.	5 00
Coupeville—Mrs. Lindsey.	1 00
Total.	\$423 95

Expenses—
August, 1887—
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P. on Jan. for Mrs. Holbrook, South Africa. \$ 30 15
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P. for Mrs. Holbrook. 10 00

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription, in advance, \$2.50 (which includes postage); if not paid within three months, \$3.00. Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if in arrears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by money order, registered letter, draft or express to THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to THE PACIFIC at once.

By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	50 90
January, 1888—	
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	36 50
February—	
By cash to Secretary of Branch for postage, leadlets, etc.	6 50
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	2 50
March—	
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	36 25
June—	
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	95 75
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for school building at Ruk from Bury Bees, Corvallis, Or.	1 50
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Mrs. Holbrook.	102 00
By cash to Treasurer W. B. M. P., for Morning Star, from Willing Workers, Skokomish.	2 60
Balance in Treasury.	47 40
	\$423 95

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. H. L. BATES.

Treasurer of Oregon and Washington Territory Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

A letter has been received from Miss Flora Denton, our new missionary in Japan, dated Kyoto, October 23, 1888. Although this is a private letter, she will pardon us for making a few extracts from it for the gratification of her new friends of the Woman's Board who have followed her to her new home and work in Japan. "How can I entangle the impressions and tell you of all I have felt and seen in this land of the rising sun. I am so amazed by all that my pen cleaves to my paper, and where to begin is a problem. I have had a very lonely experience (not at sea, however), in Tokio, where I spent a week, and met Misses Howe and Talcott, and the Scudder family. You can guess how delightful this was, and that, after meeting Misses Barrows and Dudley in Kobe, I am full of enthusiasm. The Scudders were delightful. They came to me just when I needed something of the kind, while I was overcome with the greatness, the power I mean, of Buddhism, and when I thought, 'Can we reach these people?' Their remarkable success at Nigata, and just themselves, show the power of the Word that we have to give to this people. I met very delightful people in Tokio among the Japanese, visited some of their best schools and their finest art works. Surely, when this nation becomes a Christian nation it will be an immense power in the world. I was especially interested in the Principal of the Higher Normal School. He is a man of wide culture in letters and art. * * * Please give very much love to the ladies, whose prayers and sympathy were very helpful to me; and, hoping you still remember me in your prayers, I remain yours, FLORA DENTON."

Mrs. H. E. Jewett will hereafter edit this column, to whom correspondence pertaining to it should be addressed at Vacaville, Cal.

KIND WORDS.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have just come down from the mountains, and something within prompts me to write a few lines for THE PACIFIC. This paper, you remember, pays those mountains a weekly visit, and I can assure, has many warm friends up there. It is of Murphy that I wish particularly to speak. When, last April, I was obliged, on account of failing health, to resign my work here, Dr. Warren advised me to go to Murphy, saying, "You will find some very good people up there." Well, I went and found that the Doctor was right. I found the place and people attractive far beyond my expectations, so, when the church became vacant I was glad to accept a call to its pastorate. After a short ministry I was suddenly prostrated with a hemorrhage from lungs. It was in this extremity that the kind sympathy and devotion of the people were especially shown. It is enough to say that no want was neglected. Many were anticipated, and flowers, fruits, dainties, everything attractive in a sick room, came by different hands, showing a general interest. Then, when I was about to come away, presents in cash began to come in by one-dollar and ten-dollar, so that my presents from this little handful of people amounted to over \$55—over half of it coming from people outside the church. But more valuable than this gift is the kind spirit prompting it, and more precious to me is the tireless devotion shown in the sick room. When I came to California I was told that the "people were intensely worldly and every one for self," but I have been sick before, East and West, and have found good friends, but if sick again, to all known places I prefer to be sick in Murphy, Calaveras county, Cal. Gratefully, W. W. PRINGLE.
Modesto, Cal., Nov. 15, 1888.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; it is estimated that of these 35,933,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second.

SPIRIT TONES.

[Written in memory of the Congregational Monday Club.]

Oh, these sounds a tender music
Through the spirit's holy shrine,
Floating with angelic accent,
Pure and melting and sublime.
Sacred music, heart must feel it;
May it ever greet the ear!
Angel art can but reveal it,
Angels even bring it near.
Brethren, such the spirit measure
Words like thine alone can raise—
Words that live as sacred treasure,
Dearer with increasing days.
Cherished—oh, I'll ne'er forget them,
Even if these should be the last;
Cherished—I will ne'er regret them,
When to-day is with the past.
Oh, those days shall live forever
Fair on memory's brightest page;
I can ne'er forget them—never
Through eternity's long age.
And this tender spirit music,
Brethren, shall thy name attend,
Until hope in glad fruition
Shall in brighter regions end.
F. SPALDING WITTER,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Virginia City, Nev.

DISADVANTAGES OF MISSIONARY LIFE—XVII.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

That there are some disadvantages connected with missionary life it is but reasonable to suppose. Indeed, it would be very difficult to choose any vocation which had not its peculiar disadvantages; and, if life among the heathen had none of these, would it not be a subject for wonder? Viewed through the eyes of the world, the disadvantages are many; but it is not our purpose to treat this subject after the standard of those whose highest aspirations extend only to the ease and pleasures which this world offers. There are certain social, intellectual and religious disadvantages connected with missionary life which are often great trials to the missionaries. Let us notice a few of them.

SOCIAL.

1. Socially considered, there are great disadvantages, and the person who loves society, and cannot bear to be deprived of it, will, no doubt, suffer keenly the absence of congenial friends. Upon some missionary fields there is a certain amount of social life which is open to the missionary; but even under the most favorable circumstances it is rather limited, and cannot be compared to that which is enjoyed at home. Missionaries are a busy body, and cannot always devote much time to satisfying the social element of their natures, even if the opportunity for such enjoyment were present; yet, to a great extent, the social joys of the missionaries are confined to a few friends, and what consolations and encouragements they receive must come from a few and devoted friends. But, cannot this social element be supplied by the natives? It might be considered by some that this were possible, yet the opposite is true. We need not mention all the peculiarities of the natives to show that this is an impossibility. They live upon a lower plane than that occupied by the missionary. The process of educating and elevating may have gone on for some time in the character of the native, yet, to be able to impart social joys to the missionary, he must not only have attained sufficient knowledge, but also have adopted, in the main, the views of the missionary. For the latter to become satisfied with the social enjoyments of the natives is simply impossible to think of. There may be intercourse, but no real enjoyment, such as the heart craves. One may even delight in the company of the natives, yet, when nothing but native society is had, there is soon bred a hunger of soul for those who are of kindred spirits and of similar aspirations. And this is not at all surprising, when we remember what the sources of social life are. What is appreciated by one might be considered exceedingly rude by the other; what one deprecates the other approves. The manners and customs of the one can never be fully enjoyed by the other, so that there never can be that unity of feeling which must exist between friends. If an entire change of feelings, thought and manners could be effected in one, then it might be a possible supposition; but, when it is remembered how difficult it is for those who have grown up to manhood to change the habits of earlier years, need it be surprising that the missionary cannot easily conform his tastes and ideas to those of the natives, nor, indeed, can the natives themselves become like the missionaries, so as to admit of the close relationships which true friendship demands? It is often said by certain natives that the missionaries do not understand the natives, and are thus often liable to commit great blunders in trusting those who are unworthy of confidence, while, at the same time, worthy persons are not esteemed. Some heathen have such peculiar characters that to solve them entirely is an utter impossibility. Their whole manner is an enigma, which needs constantly to be studied, and yet which is never perfectly known. True, missionaries delight to be in the company of native Christians, and many pleasant hours may be enjoyed, especially where the natives are somewhat educated; but how often it is true that even the heathen education is wanting in those about the missionaries! But, as cultured and intellectual as the natives may be, they will ever fall below the standard of the missionary, and, as such, can never become his equal. Missionaries do, indeed, become attached to

those for whom they labor, and can never forget them, even if they should be removed from their missionary fields. They may have received naught but ill from the greater part of them, and yet, in after life, surrounded by love on every side, will longingly turn to the field where they suffered and bore with the frailties of heathen life. This is the reason why missionaries, as a class, always desire to return to their fields again after a short period of rest at home. Their hearts cry out for their heathen children for whom they have prayed and toiled. Yet, notwithstanding, this love is not sufficient to satisfy the higher social wants of the soul.
Not only are there often no missionary friends who can supply this want, but even the members of the foreign community where the missionary lives cannot do this. "Missionaries for missionaries," and "the world for the world," is the rule in many of the open foreign ports, and this is not because the missionary is like an iceberg who is unable to be approached, but, rather, because that the world looks with indifference upon all that the missionary does.

INTELLECTUAL.

2. Another disadvantage of missionary life is the want that is felt to satisfy the intellectual nature, and to the lover of good music and the popular lecture this is a great loss. A missionary is not only cut off from society, but he cannot even satisfy his mind with the sources of intellectual joy. Year by year he toils at his work without having much intercourse with the men of world-wide reputation. He remembers the musical entertainments he once enjoyed, but they are of the past. Seldom does he hear the singing voice, except as he himself tries to lead Christian converts in praise to God. How the discordant notes jar upon the ear, and yet it is often the only music he hears for weeks and months! He might forego the popular oratorios and the grand and inspiring choruses, but the religious hymns of the past are also no longer heard. How one of the good old songs would cheer his spirit, as he feels almost ready to faint by the way! Do we hear you say that he can still make music in his heart unto the Lord? Yes, that is true, but the voices of loved ones heard in tuneful song when some of the missionary depths are reached would electrify his being with new thoughts and holy purposes. Goethe indeed said that every one ought to sing a little song every day, and yet how many are the occasions when the heart not only feels not like singing, but when there is really no opportunity to sing! We would not recommend singing to a purely heathen audience which had never heard anything of the kind before. It is, no doubt, one of the means to please, and in some places it is employed to attract the heathen into the chapels to hear the gospel; but, in the midst of an audience who are not well disposed towards the truth, the sacred song sung will only be ridiculed and misunderstood. But singing alone is not what the spirit craves, even if the singer possessed the sweetest voice. The soul longs for the harmony of song by which the secret fountain of the heart is touched. But the musical concert is only one of the pleasures that the missionary must deny himself of. There are many of the other literary entertainments in which he can have no part. Other men's thoughts, uttered through the eloquence of the living voice, he seldom hears. He may hear his fellow-laborers preach the unsearchable riches of a gospel that is ever new, and yet a new voice would be desirable occasionally. Then there are other topics besides the one theme of "Salvation from Sin." It is these that the missionary is deprived of hearing, and it is these for which his mind hungers and thirsts. The latest developments in philosophy and science, he can only read of, and never enjoy the voice of a philosopher or scientist to explain them, and, indeed, very often he has not even time to read of all the most recent discoveries made and the different religious and scientific theories advanced. He must, in some sense, become dead to the world, and devote all the energies and force of his being to the accomplishment of the great end of all missionary life—the conversion of the heathen—and without this concentrated purpose he will be often drawn into avenues which he ought not to enter; but, having it, he must, in part, be content to become ignorant of the current religious, philosophical and scientific news of the world.

How often it is true that when the missionary returns to his native land, after an absence of ten years, that he finds that he cannot engage in the discussion of the great and leading questions of the literary world, merely because he is not conversant with them. He has not had time to study them in the midst of the heathen who daily surrounded him to hear of a better way to live. He thought that he had read much even outside of his own professional duties, but he finds that the world has outstripped him in the race. He sees now that he may interest the public for an evening or two on the great missionary work, but when these are over he feels as though he has said his all, for the rest of his hearers are much better informed on other topics than he is himself. A speech or two, and then he must leave the platform to give way to other and better teachers of the people. He is behind in the great race of the world, and yet it was not by leading an indolent life—ah, no; what he has lost the heathen have gained. He may even see himself superseded in the regular pulpit ministrations by men who were once not his super-

riors; his long stay in the foreign land has made him, in part, unfit to minister to those of his own land. It is sometimes not only thought in America, but even said, that the missionary has forgotten how to preach, but in Germany it is wont to be said that this is a sure sign of a good missionary. There are many notable exceptions to this rule, but work among the heathen does, in part, unfit a person for work among his own people. And it is to be wondered at, that the missionary should long to leave home and go to his own spiritual children again, where he will not be constantly reminded of his ignorance? Sometimes persons begrudge the missionary his vacations at home, but if no other advantage is gained than that it aids him to take his bearings once more, and become acquainted with the newest inventions and newest thoughts. Much in every way is accomplished, for these will be carried to other shores and taught to the less cultured natives. But do missionaries have no books? Oh, yes; but who is able to read all that the times require? His work demands most of his time, and if he has any leisure, he is saturating himself with the classics of the heathen, in order to prepare himself the better for active work. Most every missionary studies some six or seven languages during his preparatory course of study, and if he wished to keep them all up by reading a chapter in the Bible every day, in the various languages, would not that require the best part of his time? Then add to this the cares and duties of the general missionary work, studying of the language, correspondence, etc., where is the time necessary for any general reading? We heard one missionary say, after he had been four years on the field, that he had never read a book through since he became a missionary.

By this was not meant that he did not read any thing outside of the books written in the native language, but that he could not find time thoroughly to digest a book. After the various papers and magazines are all read the time is often all used up, and the books are unread, or only in so far as they help to solve the difficulty of a present intricate question.

RELIGIOUS.

3. There are also many religious advantages which the missionary must forego in heathen lands. We have already in part referred to this subject in a previous article, and we only wish to add that these religious privileges, the most highly prized, can often not be enjoyed. The regular Sabbath services and weekly prayer-meetings do not find a place on all mission fields, though they are enjoyed by some. Oh, how the soul longs at times to hear the voice of prayer speaking in his own language. Then the earnest and spiritual sermon is often wanting. How the quiet Sabbath evenings are missed! how the memory recalls the holy rest of other sacred days! If the missionary could only once a week meet those who speak his own language in the worship of God, how cheering would their little prayer-meetings or Sabbath evening services become, but to both these many are entire strangers. In the larger missionary circles, a foreign service is usually held, and this becomes the delight and joy of many tired hearts. "As the hart pants after the water-brook," so do the hearts of many missionaries turn to these spiritual mounts for comfort and rest. But where are such holy heights to be found by him who seldom ever sees a kindred face, but day by day and week by week, Sabbath after Sabbath, hears only his own voice lisping that divine name in prayer, in the language by which he was taught to say "Our Father" at his mother's knee.

These are a few of the disadvantages of the missionary life, but some of them at least are growing less and less as time progresses, and the time will come when they will be reduced to a mere minimum.

NAE STRIFE UP HERE.

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elder's meeting. He said some things that nearly broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him:

"Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"
"Ah," he replied, "you would look sad too, if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the elder's meeting, and had said some hard things and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to heaven; and when I got to the gate of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying: 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here; I'm happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken with the blow that two weeks after he also departed.

"And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he met the minister at heaven's gate, and heard him say: 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here.'"—*British Workman.*

When Bossuet lay dying, in great suffering and exhaustion, one who was present asked when in another world to think of the friends whom he was leaving, who were so devoted to his person and reputation. At this last word Bossuet, who had almost lost the power of speech, raised himself from the bed, and gathered strength to say, not without an accent of indignation, "Don't talk like that! Ask God to forgive a sinner like sins."

Literary and Educational.

One of the books which amused and instructed our boyhood was "Scripture Animals," a book prepared by a venerable pastor in Bluehill, Me. Robert Carter & Bros., N. Y., give us "Bible Animals, and the Lessons Taught by Them." The author is the well-known Dr. Richard Newton. It is a volume of 450 pages. \$1.00.

A recent publication of the American Sunday-school Union is "Old Stories with New Lessons," by Benjamin B. Comegys. The old stories are from the Bible. Oh, that our young people would read them there! The Society publish "Story of Moses, or Desert Wanderings from Egypt to Canaan," by Mrs. M. A. Hall.

Rev. Edwin W. Rice, D.D., follows up his commentary on Matthew, which we favorably noticed last year, with one on Mark. The full title is "A Pictorial Commentary on the Gospel, According to Mark, with the Text of the Authorized and Revised Versions." The first edition appeared in 1881. The present is the third edition and the six thousand. The notes are brief and pertinent, and the book is furnished with maps and illustrations. It will be found well adapted to the ordinary reader of the gospel. The American Sunday-school Union, Philadelphia, are the publishers. Dr. Rice has also prepared a "Scholar's Hand-Book on the International Lessons for 1889," and "People's Question-Book on the Gospel of Mark."

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—"Sea Vistas in Many Climes" is edited by Susie Barstow Skelding. It contains facsimiles of water-color drawings. The scene for the frontispiece is our own "Golden Gate." Others are "Bay of Naples," "Fort Marion," "St. Augustine," "Venetian Fishing-boats," "Twilight at Marblehead," and "Bar Harbor Light," "Mt. Desert." Fred A. Stokes & Bro., N. Y. —More brilliant and really charming is the "Humphrey Calendar," from the same publishers. Every month is represented by a full-page picture of a child, every child different in figure and feature and expression.—Suitable to the name is the "Tennyson Calendar," from the same house. The same large full page, with landscape and other illustrations from the favorite poet. These illustrations are choice.—Bancroft & Co. send us "The Good Things of Life," mostly comical or satirical, but spirited. The illustrations are printed on excellent paper, and are such as promote that excellent thing, mirth. From same we receive "The Golden Age of Patents," a parody on "Yankee Inventionship," by Wallace Peck.—To these is to be added "Patchwork in Pictures and Print," by Frederick Opper and Emma Opper. It is designed for the children, and the text is in capital letters, and the pictures and print are likely to be looked at and read over again and again, having the flavor of "Mother Goose" improved.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, send out in a quarto pamphlet "Miss Parloa's New Cook Book." It is marvellously cheap; for it is mailed to any one for thirty cents, and it is prepared by an expert.

One of the neatest books we have seen this year is "Wood Blooms," by John Vance Cheney. It is a book of poems. The paper and type and finish everywhere are admirable. The cover is just as pretty as one could desire. Mr. Cheney's verse is easy and graceful. He touches lightly his themes. The volume makes a dainty present. From Pierson & Robertson, San Francisco; but published by F. A. Stokes & Co., New York.

"Pansies for Thoughts," from the writings of Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden) compiled and arranged by Grace Livingston, is a pretty little volume, published by D. Lathrop & Co., 75 cents.

We have received copies from the author of "Rational Theology," a book we noticed several weeks ago; for which we desire to give thanks, especially as we have an extra copy by this means for the Pacific Theological Seminary library. The Rev. I. M. Williams, now in Nordhoff, California, is a consistent thinker. He keeps by his definitions and his definitions are at least clearly put. He reaches conclusions, in the main, such as have been known for many years by the term "New School." On the matter of the person of Christ it may be that his very disposition to bring the mystery to the level of apprehension assumes too much. But it may be safely said that "Rational Theology" puts the question of divinity generally so well that it will reward the reader.

In a little volume, "Our Celestial Home," the author, Jermain G. Porter, rector of the Cincinnati Observatory, gives what the title speaks of as an astronomer's view of heaven. But the view is limited mostly to giving the considerations which favor the idea that heaven lies within the starry universe, and the writer proceeds to show what reasons exist for the belief that the universe we behold is a stable system, not running down into decay. Yet he thinks that the present earth, having been cursed by sin, is to be purified by fire; and apparently that purification may come about through the meteoric constitution of the nebulae through which our system is to wing its flight. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y. \$1.)

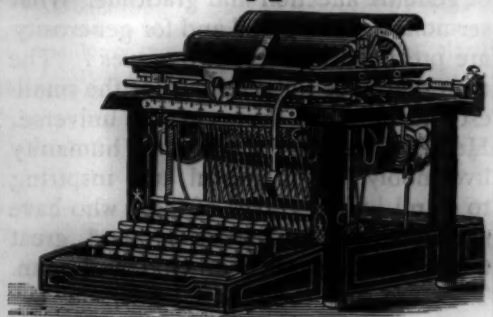
No man can be happy without a friend—not be sure of him till he's unhappy.

THE COST OF A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

It appears from figures just published that the expenses of a Presidential campaign in the United States are very heavy. The cost of an Assembly district in one of these campaigns is \$7,000, or for New York city about \$250,000. This is exclusive of the official election expenses, which amount to \$290,000 for the city and United States officials. A torchlight parade in New York averages \$500 per election district, or from \$12,000 to \$20,000. A large public meeting costs from \$3,000 to \$4,000. Chamberlain Ivins, in his work on the cost of election in New York city, estimates the total of an average year at \$700,000, exclusive of personal expenses of candidates. Tammany and the county Democracy are reported to have spent together about \$170,000 to nominate Mr. Cleveland the first time. Mayor Hewitt gave his whole salary as Mayor, amounting to \$20,000, to the party, and \$4,000 more, and in the Tilden campaign he contributed as much as \$40,000. The National Committee expect from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, though Mr. Hewitt said it could be worked for \$500,000 on an economical basis. No National Committee ever published a balance-sheet of its expenditures. Taking all the expenses of all the States, it is roughly estimated that a Presidential campaign costs the United States about \$20,000,000.

TWO REQUESTS.—Confession of inability could not go further than in the prayer of a good brother more used to dry-goods than leading camp-meeting—"O Lord, we are as weak—as weak as No. 60 basting thread!" Nor does the Drawer believe there was any insincerity in the request of the colored boy, who, when his turn came to lead the prayer-meeting, observed, "O Lord, I pray thee make thy servant conspicuous."—*Harper's Magazine for November.*

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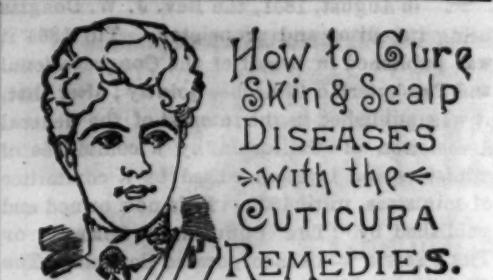
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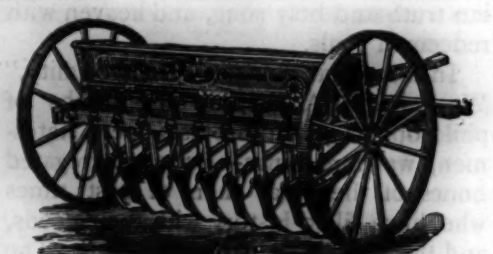
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Home Circle.

PREACHING TO THE POINT.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life aint worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miser'le sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is;
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it, right and left,
Just who was hid by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin';
For Peters and Johnson they sat and cowered
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister then went on to say,
"There's various kinds of oaths,"
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin';
I don't think much of that man that gives
The loud amen at my preachin';
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overcheatin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
For I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurray, says I, to the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin';
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's
you."

And I guess it sot her to thinkin'.
Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
"And now I've come to the feller
Who's lost this shaver by usin' their friends
As a sort of moral umbrellers."
"Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
"Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin';
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bittin';
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Aint that sort of a critter.

—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

THE LITTLE BLUE EYE AT THE KNOT-HOLE.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

The small, brown cottage adjoining
Miss Lydia Blake's premises in the rear,
had been rented after an extended vac-
ancy, and three awful boys and their
mother were coming to live in it!

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What was to be
done? They would steal her best fall
pippins, and strangle the cat, and throw
stones at the windows, and pull up her
choicest flowers by the roots—in short,
complete the whole hideous list of small-
boy devices, to worry and annoy defense-
less maiden ladies.

Hitherto, Miss Lydia had been very
fortunate in her neighbors, or, rather, in
her lack of them. The old, square,
brick house, where she had been born
and brought up, stood a short distance
from the town, the only dwelling in the
immediate vicinity being the little brown
cottage, formerly occupied by a workman,
and his wife—quiet people, who
went away to the cotton mills early in
the morning, returning at sun-down to
their frugal evening meal and well-earned
rest.

And now she was to be tormented by
a pack of harum-scarum boys, who would
cut up all sorts of troublesome monkey-
shines, and make her life a burden.
Something must be done about it.

So, a carpenter was summoned, and
the low, dividing fence replaced by one
of solid boards, six feet in height, and
with a row of pointed pickets along the
top, to catch in the clothing of would-be
thieves, and discourage a second visit.
And then, with war in her heart, she re-
signed herself to meet the inevitable.

One morning, about two weeks after
this, she was at work in her back garden,
shaded by its gnarled old apple-trees,
and bright with autumn blossoms. If
there was a tender spot in Miss Lydia's
heart it was for her flowers; and well she
might be proud of them. No garden
for miles around could boast such mam-
moth carnations, such late roses, or such
varieties of geraniums. It was here her
lonely heart found companionship and
relaxation.

She was stooping to tie up the great,
ragged, red chrysanthemums, whose
heads were so heavy that they had fallen
over on to the gravel walk, when her at-
tention was arrested by a slight noise in
front of her, and, a moment later, a large
knot came flying out of its hole in the
high board fence, clearing the air an
inch in front of her aristocratic nose.

"What's that?" she cried, in a startled
tone.

"It's only me," replied a childish
voice, as a little blue eye and part of a
little white cheek appeared in the knot-
hole.

"You go right away, you wicked,
good-for-nothing boy, or else I'll call a
policeman," exclaimed Miss Lydia, re-
sisting to the usual defense of unpro-
tected females.

"I didn't mean to hit you," said the
child. "I only wanted to look at the
flowers. They smelled all the way right
through the fence, and I wanted to see
what they looked like. My! aren't
those chrysanthemums stunnin'!"

"Be off with you!" repeated Miss

Lydia, excitedly. "I want no meddle-
some boys spying out my garden. Be
off! I say."

"All right," said the child, "I'll go.
But I wasn't going to meddle with any-
thing. I can come another time, though,
just as well, so good-bye," and the little
blue eye vanished as suddenly as it had
appeared.

Miss Lydia looked around for the
knot, but Hector had carried it off and
buried it for a bone; so, with an emphat-
ic "Humph!" she went back into the
house. "This," she thought, "is the be-
ginning of the end"; and so, indeed, it
was.

The next morning, when she stepped
out on her back porch, there was the lit-
tle blue eye again at the knot-hole, and
a shrill voice called out, "Oh, there you
are! I've been waiting for you ever so
long. Mother told me to say that I was
very sorry I frightened you yesterday,
and that I mustn't ever come again to
bother you, if you don't like to have me
look at your flowers. Did you say I
wasn't to look through your nice little
knot-hole?"

"Holes don't belong to anybody,"
said Miss Lydia, tartly.

"Oh! can I really come again then?"
exclaimed the child, delightedly. "I'll
tell mother what a nice lady you are,
and then we'll be friends, won't we? I
haven't many friends, 'cept two or three.
Do you like boys?" he continued.

"No, I don't!" replied Miss Lydia.
"They are a plague and a nuisance."
"I wish you did," said the child, "be-
cause then maybe you'd give me a
flower."

"Just as I thought," said Miss Lydia.
"The next thing you will be managing to
get over the fence and help yourself."

"Oh, no, I couldn't! I've got a pain
in my back and have to go with a crutch.
It hurts awfully sometimes, and then I
cry and mother rocks me in her arms
and cries, too; and then we both feel
better. But I couldn't climb the fence,
even if I wanted to, nor run, nor any-
thing."

"Well, if you don't, your brothers
will," returned Miss Lydia.

"No, they wouldn't. They're away all
day, and besides, it's wicked to steal.
Didn't you know that?"

"Humph!" said Miss Lydia, though
in a somewhat mollified tone.

A moment later a giant red chrysan-
themum found its way through the knot-
hole, with a hasty "There, run away,
child!" and the little crutch went tap-
ping back to the house with the coveted
prize.

It soon became quite a regular thing
for the little blue eye to appear at the
knot-hole when Miss Lydia was "tend-
ing her flowers in the morning; and, un-
consciously, she began to watch for it, and
miss it if it was not there.

With his innocent prattle and gifts of
cherry-stone baskets and impossible
boats, gradually the little fellow found
his way through the outer crust to Miss
Lydia's heart; and not a few fragrant
blossoms fell through the hole into the
little hands.

"What's your name?" he asked one
day, in childish curiosity. "Mine's Jer-
ry—Jerry Howell. I was named after
my papa. He died far away in Califor-
nia, but he used to live in this very
place, and he told us to come back to his
old home, and maybe somebody would
be kind to us for his sake."

The trowel dropped upon the box bor-
der. Jerry Howell! The name she
never thought to hear again, buried in
the past with her youth and happiness!
The child rambled on, but she did
not heed him, and presently he went
away.

There had been a lovers' quarrel,
which had terminated fatally. It was
mostly her fault, and she knew it, though
she had been too proud to own it. But,
somehow, she had never forgotten the
look in those blue eyes, as the garden-
gate slammed behind the boyish figure
that went striding down the street be-
tween the rows of maples.

The next week he sailed for the far
West, and some years' later the news
came back to his native town that he
was happily married. From that time
Miss Lydia was a changed creature, for
in her heart she had truly loved blithe,
impulsive Jerry Howell, and, too late,
bitterly repented her hasty words.

She buried herself vigorously in her
uncongenial work of country school-
teaching, until called home by the ad-
vancing age of her parents, who, finally,
passed away, leaving her with a modest
income and the old brick house.

Almost all her young friends had mar-
ried or scattered, and those who remain-
ed were repelled by her coldness and re-
tidence; so, she was left almost entirely
to herself, and it was little wonder that
her life became narrowed and sunless.

And now Jerry Howell was dead, and
the sweet-faced, fair-haired little woman
in black, with the two manly lads and
the delicate little cripple, were his wife
and children. And they had come to
live under the very shadow of her roof.

She had always heard that truth was
stranger than fiction, but now she had a
living proof of it.

(Concluded next week.)

A story is told of a little girl who asked
her mother the question, "Is Jesus
like any one I know?" What the
answer of the mother was is not stated.
But we ought to be able to find resem-
blances to Christ among his professed
followers. If we are truly his disciples,
we shall show forth the lineaments of his
character. More and more, as in a mir-
ror, we should be able to show forth his
reflected beauty.

FROM THE WORSHIP OF ISIS TO THE WORSHIP OF MARY.

Their goddess, that of the ancient
Parisians, was the mysterious Virgin
mother of Egypt, Isis, the water goddess,
whose priestesses and whose worship we
find spread so universally. Her sanctu-
ary was built on the site of the present
cathedral of Notre Dame, and her fetes
and rites were celebrated with the same
pious ardor, though not with the same
splendor, as in the East, and every year
the sacred bark was launched in souvenir
of Isis abandoning herself to the waves
to seek the body of her lost divine spouse.
Thus the bark of Isis, symbolizing their
river and their ships, the source of their
prosperity, became the favorite emblem
of the Lutetians, and even when no
longer free they imposed it on their con-
querors. The Emperor Posthumus, who
built an immense palace, of which the
so-called "Thermes de Julian" are a re-
mnant, had this emblem carved at the
corners of the building, and the stone
symbols may still be seen by visitors to
the Cluny Museum. The Lutetians
believed fervently in Isis and in the for-
tunes of their frail bark. They even had
a belief, which became a legend in the
Middle Ages, that some day one of their
heroes would go in a ship to conquer
Egypt, the original home of Isis. It is
a curious fact, too, that Christianity made
very slow progress in Paris until after the
Council of Ephesus softened the severity
of the early Hebraic tenets by authoriz-
ing the more accessible and clement
adoration of the Virgin. Henceforward
it may almost be said that Isis and the
Virgin were merged into one in the eyes
of the simple; soon images of "la bonne
dame" (the good lady) were set up every-
where, at country cross-roads and street
corners, and France became the mother
country of Mariolatry.—Theodore Child,
in Harper's Magazine for November.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Of the worst foes that woman has ever
had to encounter, wine stands at the
head. The appetite for strong drink in
man has destroyed the lives of more
women—ruined more hopes for them,
brought to them more shame, sorrow and
hardship—than any other evil that lives.

The country numbers tens of thou-
sands—nay, hundreds of thousands—
of women who are widows to-day, and
sit in hopeless weeds, because their
husbands have died by strong drink.
There are hundreds of thousands of
homes, scattered all over the land, in
which women live lives of torture, going
through all the changes of suffering that
lie between the extremes of fear and de-
spair, because those whom they love, love
wine better than the women they have
sworn to love. There are women by
thousands who dread to hear at the door
the step that once thrilled them with
pleasure, because that step has learned
to reel under the influence of seductive
poison. There are women groaning with
pain while we write these words, from
bruises and brutalities inflicted by intoxi-
cated husbands. There can be no exag-
geration in any statement made in regard
to this matter, because no human imagi-
nation can create anything worse than
the truth, and no pen is capable of por-
traying the truth. The sorrows and the
horrors of a wife with a drunken hus-
band, or a mother with a drunken son,
are as near the realization of hell as can
be reached in this world, at least. The
shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the
sense of disgrace for herself and her
children, the poverty—and not unfre-
quently the beggary—the fear and the
fact of violence, the lingering, life-long
struggle and despair of countless women
with drunken husbands, are enough to
make all women curse wine, and engage
unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the
enemy to their sex.—Sel.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

At a meeting of the Chinese Union in
Philadelphia, the following incident was
related: A distinguished clergyman once
asked a gentleman to contribute some
money for foreign missions and received
this reply:

"I don't believe in foreign missions;
I won't give anything except to home
missions. I want to give to benefit my
neighbors."

"Well," coolly responded the Doctor,
"whom do you regard as your neigh-
bors?"

"Why those around me."
"Do you mean those whose land joins
yours?"

"Yes."
"Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much
land do you own?"

"About 500 acres," was the reply.
"How far down do you own it?" in-
quired Dr. Skinner.

"Why, I never thought of it before,
but I suppose I own half way through."
"Exactly," was the reply; "I sup-
pose you do; and I want this money for
the Chinese—the men whose land ad-
joins yours on the bottom."

CULINARY MAXIMS.

No economy without efficiency.
All sweets are not wholesome.
Eat-well is drink-well's brother.
Long fasting gains no meat.
The best fish is the one that's caught.
Ill beef never made a good broth.
Hunger will break through stone walls.
Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and
a great deal more saucy.
The stomach hates long sermons.
There is reason in the roasting of eggs.
All meat is bad to a full stomach.
Who dainties love shall beggars prove.
When good cheer is lacking, our
friends will be packing.
The bones are quiet when the stomach
is full.—Lucullus, in Table Talk.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888

To-morrow will occur the day set apart by the Chief Executive of the nation and of the State, respectively, to be observed by all the people as a day of thanksgiving, praise and prayer—thanksgiving to God for what he has done for us; praise to God for what he is as known to us; and prayer to God for those who may not be favored like ourselves. This may not be quite the way in which the matter was shaped in the mind of the President, or the Governor, but it comes the nearest, in our judgment, to the proper construction of the idea of the season, and to the most profitable directing of the thoughts and exercises of the day—a day whose blessings and joys should be manifold.

To begin, of course, we are to heed the call of our authorities, to assemble in our places of worship, and offer our thanks for the mercies and blessings of the year now closing—for the absence of war, for the limitation of the pestilence that might have swept away its thousands, for abundant crops, and the fruits of the earth in their season, for a sound currency, for well-paid labor, for profitable manufactures, for unbroken commerce, for thriving trade, for flourishing arts, for advancing sciences, for new inventions, for continual discoveries, for increasing population, for growing power, for augmented professions, for prevalent justice, for maintained liberties, for wise counsels, for good laws and for a still loftier position among the nations of the earth.

Beyond all this we need to give thanks to God, and, most of all, for our religion, for a divine revelation, for the coming of the Son of God into our world. Take these away, and we are but sages and magi and theosophists; not without knowledge nor searching for truth utterly in vain; but far away from the blessed certainties and cheering visions that now render our footing so solid and our prospects so winning. We can not too often think what our land would be, and our lives would be, were they not within the kingdom of God, and enfolded in the life of the Christian Church, hallowed by the presence of saints, radiant with the feet of the holy, and sweetened by a divine breath sweeping down from the spicelands of Beulah.

Next to a pure religion, a good government is the largest blessing that can come to man upon the earth. These commonly go together, and a pure Christianity is likely to find its outcome in a good government—a government of ideas, based on recognized rights to life, person, industry and property. A superficial mind may have a religion of mere sentiment, open toward the skies, but callous to things of time and sense, and making man and his earthly destiny of no account; and so may be amazed at the thought of mingling affairs divine and human—politics with religion. But no man who is a man, and carries with him a sense of his personal dignity, as one wearing the image of his Maker, can tamely submit to vicious assault or governmental abuse. He must persistently smite all wrong, vindicate all honor, and protect all innocence. And he must do this as religiously as he prays and worships. And he must not rest until he has reared a government of large liberties, and of limited powers, that shall do all these things for him, in a grand way, and with a vast prestige, and the noiseless ease of a reduced solar system. We cannot, therefore, be too thankful for our vast Republic—that secures us all our rights so cheaply, defends us so perfectly, protects us so kindly, bids us enjoy ourselves so freely, and does not even fail to admonish us that we are children of God, who owe to Heaven largest dues of thanksgiving, praise and prayer.

We are next to give thanks for good schools, great institutes of learning, well

endowed and equipped, and the other needed facilities for mental and moral culture. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, dread, and foolish acts. Knowledge is power, and wisdom is victory. Schools and books show us the value of life, and disclose to us the secrets of nature, which our life should take up into itself for an immortal growth. We have such a beautiful and wonderful literature in which to disport ourselves, and build our nature into grandeur, that we can never cease to be glad when we think of it, and of the means by which we may be able to make the most of it. A land of schools, colleges, books, libraries, magazines and papers—how it exalts our race and gilds our globe!

We are to give thanks for our wealth, and for all that it contributes toward that grand aggregate which we call the commonwealth. Our country grows richer and richer, in spite of the unnumbered poor that are added to the population. Each year the amount, divided *per capita* among the population, gets larger. Those who have much may gain faster, relatively, than those who have less at the outset; but the industrious poor are less poor with each succeeding year. Every man should belong to the best "anti-poverty society" he knows of. The best one we know of is a well-conducted Congregational church, whose members keep their vows. Mere riches, mere piles of money, are not wealth; they are but tokens of it. Wealth is productive labor; productive intelligence; productive institutions; productive capital; and economical living and government. A better distribution of wealth is yet a desideratum; but the possession and increase of it from exhaustless sources is first of all. And for this fundamental good in society generally, we may be profoundly grateful.

We are to be grateful for the facilities of commerce, trade, travel and intercourse which we possess. These subserve our necessities, our convenience, and our education. They minister to the uses of religion, benevolence and patriotism. They three-fold our power to enjoy the world, to enlarge the world, and to save the world. Through these we mitigate all the woes of the world, we meet all the wants of the world, we obtain all the good of the world. Through these we make our Republic a success, we bind the States in a bundle, we take the continent into our embrace. The farthest pioneer loses the sense of exile, the invalid finds somewhere a genial clime, and the brow of care is smoothed as never before since a peopled planet roamed in space. These continental railways are making warp and woof of us all, and weaving us into such a seemingly fabric as never before canopied, while it sheltered and adorned, a land, dividing oceans, and stretching through zones.

We are to be grateful for the solaces of our existence, in a land like ours. Some are aged. All of us will be soon. We need the solaces of our environment, and the solaces of what we environ. Our life would be gloomed at once were we compelled to be pessimistic, and to despair of our race, and to despair of our country, and to despair of our civilization, and to despair of our religion as humanity's boon for time and eternity. No such compulsion forces itself on us out of our environment. On the contrary, everything, in the large way, is full of hope and courage. And, then, what satisfactions we have, if we have lived honorably; "what pleasures of memory, if we have fought the good fight; what pleasures of hope, if we are in sympathy with the sigh and cry, the moil and toil of a redeemed race, surely on its upward way and climbing steadily toward its millennial years; what forebodings charm us, if we are built into the Lord's living temple, and have done our little part in that divine kingdom, which decks all skies, overarches all chasms, and sends its heralds flamboyant round the world, to chase away its gloom and kindle on its heights celestial fires, to glow eternally; and what anticipations of delight are ours if assured that, in some unknown hour, our convoy shall be up some shining stair into the wonderful city of God, where his kingdom centers, and his redeemed find a blessed welcome!

It would be at least suggestive, if you have just complained that you were not interested in the preaching last Sunday, to ask yourself, "Am I interested in the preaching of Paul and John, and in the preaching of the Son of man?" For it may be that the deepest trouble you have is not with the form, but with the subject-matter, of Christian discourse.

DANIEL HAND.

In several of the papers that have fallen under our notice we have seen biographical sketches of Mr. Daniel Hand, who has recently placed \$1,000,000 as a perpetual fund, in the care of the American Missionary Association, for the education of the colored people of the South. These sketches substantially agree, but differ in some of their details. It is not in our power to give any additional information, but, as a native of the same ancient town, in Connecticut, and born almost in sight of the spot that gave him birth, we desire to pay our tribute to the man who could make such a noble gift to our needy humanity. The Hand family, originally from Kent, Eng., settled, first, on Long Island, in 1648. In 1660, one of the family, Joseph Hand, removed to Guilford, Ct. In the home so made, after five generations, the second Daniel Hand was born in 1801 (the first Daniel Hand having been a captain in the Revolutionary war). He is, therefore, 87 years old. He is alone in the world (his wife and children having died many years ago), and the family name will expire with him, and the name will appear only in the ancient records, that have carried it for more than two and a quarter centuries. Happily, the name has become immortal, as attached to the Hand Academy in Madison, Ct., which he endowed, and as attached to this gift, which will make it a "household word" all over our continent.

Like many another Connecticut lad, Daniel Hand went South to find employment, and found it with his uncle, Daniel Meigs, a merchant, at Augusta, Ga., to whose business he succeeded later on. There, for years, his life was lived, except that, when possible, he spent his summers at his Connecticut home, which he retained. When the civil war came on, the firm (he had taken his old clerk into partnership) had a large business, both in Augusta and in Charleston, S. C. Mr. Hand could not side with the Confederacy, though his partner could, as a native of the South; and by him—his tact and skill—Mr. Hand's fortune in the South was saved from confiscation by the Confederate authorities. For, Mr. Hand was at the North when the hostilities began, and remained there until certain acts of sequestration were passed. Then he attempted to return to the South in the hope of preserving his property from seizure. With great difficulty, by devious routes, he reached Augusta. But he was not allowed to remain there; was sent thence a prisoner to Richmond, and lodged awhile in the Libby prison. Upon his release, he finally found himself again at the North, where he was compelled to remain. Meanwhile all his Southern property passed into the hands of his chief co-partner, Williams, and was treated and respected as the property of that gentleman. (One account says that Mr. Hand was, for a season, during the progress of the war, hidden away among the mountains of North Carolina. The exact authority for this is not known to us.) But even when the war had closed, Mr. Hand did not return to the South to stay. Everything was left with Mr. Williams to adjust, arrange and segregate, in his own time and manner. Years after the end of the war, and when Mr. Hand was not far from eighty years old, his property—the earnings of his early business life, principal, interest, accumulations and advancements—came back into his own hands. His partner, whom he had trusted in his youth, had remained faithful to all his trusts and obligations, through manifold perils; and had made all that was in his charge increase and grow apace; and had finally come to him, bringing several hundreds of thousands of dollars, as the product of his stewardship. The venerable man could not be otherwise than gladdened and satisfied. Yet not wholly. For, now he must bestow his wealth and find a new satisfaction in that. And we do not doubt that he is feeling a fresh satisfaction each day over the bestowal which the divine Providence has led him to make. And we wish him the joy of a still longer life, and a higher satisfaction in the doing of any further good that may be in his power.

In the final distribution of the estate of Mrs. Harriet B. Willard, the American Board receives about \$2,100, and the American Home Missionary Society the same. According to her intention, they would have received three times as much. If you have benevolent intentions, take pains to have them carried out.

Where will twenty members of a church of one thousand count for most, if they are living one mile or two away, and close by a church of fifty members? The one thousand would hardly miss them; the fifty would gain forty per cent.

As long ago as June, 1886, Mr. William H. Noyes, an Andover Seminary graduate, sought of the American Board the appointment as a foreign missionary. His application was refused because of his views on a future probation. In April, 1887, Mr. Noyes renewed his application, but without avail, as there was no change in his views. And now, a third time, his case is brought before the Prudential Committee. A council was called last month by the Berkeley-street church, Boston, to ordain him as a foreign missionary. He was so ordained, with little dissent on the part of the members. Having thus been ordained, his appointment was asked of the American Board, but the Committee again decline to appoint. Their reply to the Berkeley-street church is before us. It is signed by (Rev. Dr.) A. C. Thompson, Chairman. It gives the history of the case, the former action of the Committee, which was sustained by the Board at its meetings in Des Moines and Springfield. Mr. Noyes has not changed his views (the *Andover Review*, in its last issue, takes special pains to declare that there has been no change); therefore, "the Committee has no option but to decline to appoint the applicant so long as he holds these views." We do not see how the Committee could have done otherwise and be consistent. Their action now is in conformity with their former action. The applicant has not changed his views; they have not changed theirs. The influence of a large and strong council was put in the scale with Mr. Noyes, but that would not outweigh the pronounced sentiments of the friends and constituency of the Board, as expressed at two annual meetings. And, now, we hope that the friends of Mr. Noyes, and Mr. Noyes himself, will give the Board a rest as far as he is concerned.

We hope that the machine now in operation at Point Lobos, which is run by the force of the waves, to raise water for various purposes, will be a success. What a grand thing it would be to utilize the wild waves and send streams of salt water through great pipes to flush our foul sewers and make this the healthiest city in the world. Experiments with the wave motor have now been made for about three years, and those most interested say there is no doubt about the successful result.

Sitting in the sunshine with our windows open, we can hardly realize the possibility of such storms as are reported all along the Atlantic Coast. The streets of Boston are blocked with snow; vessels at sea have gone down; many lives have been lost; violent snowstorms are raging, or were two days ago, as far south as Virginia; heavy frosts in Florida. Again we all say, this is the best climate in America.

Those who do the work, day by day, and year by year, of publishing THE PACIFIC feel they are doing good work for the Master, who pays them well in his own way. Will others take hold in earnest and do the work of circulating it and receive the same pay?

All new subscriptions for one year from this time will date to January 1, 1890. Ministers who will interest themselves in getting new subscribers, or who will send the church news of the vicinity, will receive THE PACIFIC for \$2 per year.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Sunday, November 11th, was an eventful day for the Eighth-avenue church of Oakland, it being the day on which the new church was dedicated. This new organization, which is less than a year and a half old, has been holding services in a hall, and has just completed a beautiful and commodious church, with all the appurtenances and modern conveniences, which was dedicated November 11th. The building is a handsome Gothic structure, with main audience room capable of seating over five hundred, with large double parlors, pastor's study, kitchen and other conveniences. It is a home missionary enterprise, started a year ago last March in one of the finest and most rapidly growing portions of Oakland; and the young church has shown remarkable vigor and enterprise in pushing forward their work, until now they have an earnest and active membership, and a beautiful and attractive house of worship, the church and property costing something over \$18,000. The first church of Oakland gave them five thousand dollars, with which the land was purchased. The dedicatory services were held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Dr. McLean and Dr. J. H. Warren making the principal addresses. The day was beautiful, and a large crowd filled every available space. Two thousand dollars was raised toward extinguishing the remaining debt.

It ought to be added that the pastor of this church, Rev. C. F. Clapp, has been the hardest worker in this new enterprise, and to him most largely, under God, the credit of its splendid success is due.

Teller Marler of the Sub-Treasury Office, New York, says that "a certain way to tell good paper money from bad is by means of two small blue silk threads, which run through the good bill lengthwise and which may be plainly seen by holding the note to the light. These are woven into the paper by a secret process, and has never yet been successfully counterfeited, the usual imitation being by means of a mark drawn across the paper."

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

Much has been said in THE PACIFIC about prayer-meetings. I will tell you about ours in the First church here; for instance, that of last Thursday evening: The meeting began promptly at the appointed time, 7:45, the three-fourths of an hour preceding being spent by the Sunday-school teachers at Deacon Shindler's in studying the lesson for the following Sabbath. The pastor led the meeting, opening with a short prayer; then followed two songs in keeping with the subject of the evening, "Comforting Those Who are in Trouble." Then attention was called to the Scripture references, bearing upon the topic. As the chapter and verse of each passage was given out, some one repeated the same, thus signifying that he would read when the proper time came. After the references were exhausted, the reading began, accompanied by running comments by Mr. Clapp, thus bring out and making plain the different shades of meaning, and illustrating the methods by which we, as Christians, might apply the lessons taught to our daily lives. This part lasted about half an hour, and it was instructive, helpful and uplifting in every way.

The subject of the meeting was peculiarly appropriate for our church this night. A gentleman, not a member, but a regular attendant, was lying seriously ill at one of the city hospitals. His wife and daughter, both members, were speeding their way from California hither, having been apprised by telegram of the husband and father's illness.

Following the reading of texts and comments thereon came a few words from the pastor, calling attention to the subjects of prayer—our brother's illness, and his family, a number of inquiries connected with the young people's society; the work in the Sunday-school; the preparation for the Moody meetings, soon to be held here; preparation for the Lord's supper, soon to follow; for our city, that righteousness might rule in high places, and that the efforts of all Christians might so be put forth as to result in abating public and private wickedness in all ways. Then followed without waiting, several brief, pointed and earnest prayers, from two ladies, each in behalf of some one of the several subjects suggested for prayer. There seemed to be more than usual freedom. The Holy Spirit was certainly present in power, and his gracious and strengthening influence was felt by every heart. It was one of the best meetings I ever attended. Now the question is, why cannot all prayer-meetings be as good? There can be but one answer—the lack of true desire in our own hearts. We certainly know that God is always ready and anxious to do his part; he only awaits the asking. Oh, that we might have more faith and a greater desire!

Union services in the churches have been the rule hitherto, but this year the services will be union mainly only so far as each denomination is concerned—that is to say, the Methodists will unite with those of their own kind, and the Presbyterians likewise. The Congregationalists of East Portland and Albina have joined with other denominations, and a union service will be held there. Last Thursday evening Plymouth church and the Baptist churches were invited to unite with the First church in thanksgiving service, and Rev. John Gordon of the First Baptist church will preach the sermon. The service will be held in that church, also.

Rev. S. F. Rattray of Oakland, Cal., came to Portland a few days ago to take charge of the Second Baptist church, situated in the southern portion of the city.

Rev. W. J. W. Leamster of Wabana, Kan., preached this morning at Plymouth church.

Revival services are being held at the Hall-street Methodist church, Rev. C. E. Cline, pastor, who recently came here from Iowa, assisted by Rev. Charles McDermott, who is now agent for the Portland Hospital, but formerly a member of the Puget Sound M. E. Conference.

Every good citizen must rejoice in the prospect for the early formation of a "City Board of Charities," a notice of which was given in a previous letter. Much interest is felt in the matter, and it is expected that at the adjourned meeting at the First Congregational church to-morrow night, a definite plan of action will be elaborated, and the Society put in working order at once.

"A Great Cause of Sorrow" was the subject of Mr. Clapp's sermon this morning, the text being Psalms cxxxix: 21, and copiously illustrated by other references. The angel of death has come very near us as a church during the past few days. Mr. Thomas G. Davis, formerly one of our young people, whose father and mother are members, was taken suddenly off by pneumonia, resulting from exposure in riding in Southern Oregon to his voting place; and, second, Mr. D. W. Prentice, long and favorably known in musical circles here, and who has been an attendant with us for many years, passed away at 4 o'clock this morning. His wife and daughter arrived from California yesterday.

November 25, 1888. HISME.

Four hundred men are required to take the great steamship *City of New York* across the Atlantic and attend to the wants of her passengers. The engine department claims the attention of 185 of these workers, including twenty-six assistant engineers, thirty firemen and fifty-four coal passers. In the sailing department there are sixty men, and in the passenger department 150 men.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
President, Mrs. J. K. McLean, 530 Thirteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, Highland Park, Oakland.
Secretary, Mrs. Mary L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

TREASURY NOTE—II.

The state of the treasury has not improved since our report in *The Home Missionary* for November. Two of the notes given to tide over the usual summer deficiency have fallen due, and had to be renewed for lack of money to meet them. The Society, therefore, is still owing the banks *ninety thousand dollars* (\$90,000). Of this amount one-third (thirty thousand dollars) is secured by bonds representing the reserved three-fifths of the *Swett Exigency Fund*.

The receipts for October are \$22,526.78 less than those of October, 1887—a falling off of \$11,648 in contributions and \$11,234 in legacies.

September and October in the years of presidential election are proverbially months of small receipts. The income of these two months of 1888 was somewhat in advance of those in the two latest foregoing "presidential years," though they both were largely helped by legacies, while in September and October of this year very little came from that source. Notwithstanding the temporary autumnal depression in the two periods named, the income for the entire year in each case was largely in advance of the years preceding; in the earlier case, \$24,000 greater; in the later, nearly \$67,000 greater. We are, therefore, confidently expecting a like result this year. But to realize it there must be a very strong and immediate effort on the part of the Society's entire constituency.

The receipts in the seven months of the financial year already past fall short of those of the corresponding months of 1887, by twenty-seven thousand dollars (\$27,000)—\$15,863 in contributions and \$11,234 in legacies.

The friends of home missions have but to look at these figures to see that if the missionaries are to be paid and the Society's credit at the banks is to be maintained every church, every pastor, every Sunday-school, every executor holding bequests to the Society, every faithful steward of his Lord's money, has something to do in the matter, and that it cannot be done too quickly.—*Home Missionary* for November.

P. S.—THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY TO ITS SUPPORTERS.—Brethren and Friends: What will you have us do? As you know, we began this financial year with \$9,000 in the treasury. There were, besides, \$30,000 belonging to the *Swett Exigency Fund*. This fund, as its name implies, is to be used only in emergencies. The best use of it, wise financiers tell us, is to invest it safely and hold it as security for the Society's notes when compelled to borrow. You told us, at Saratoga in June, to pay the missionaries promptly, in summer as well as winter, borrowing the money needed for the purpose. This we had to do, from time to time, through the summer and into the autumn. On the 7th of November the Society's notes amounted to \$100,000, to secure \$30,000 of which the *Swett Exigency Fund* is hypothecated. The Executive Committee, regarding this as the extreme limit of safety, decline to borrow more without your express orders. But the work is ceaseless, and new reports of it daily call for money. On this 15th day of November, besides the bank debt, we owe the missionaries \$15,000.

Now, what will you have us do? The debt is yours. The commissions for the work were given in your name. The money to pay for the work was borrowed on your authority. The brethren have toiled, and the banks have loaned, trusting to the Christian honor of the churches and friends whose agents your executive committee and officers are. You mean that the work shall be done. You know it cannot be done without money. You have often and very decidedly said: "Push the work; pay the missionaries promptly; tell us how you stand, and we will see that you have the money."

This is "how we stand." At your direction we have borrowed, and now owe, \$100,000 in your name. We have pledged money to your missionaries, of which \$15,000 are overdue, and cannot be paid till you send us the money. Many new fields, in several States and Territories, ought, in faithfulness to our Lord, to be entered to-day. Not one of them can be entered till you send us the money. The entire work of the Society is in danger of standing still, while we wait to hear from you. What will you have us do? What will you do?

THE OFFICERS OF THE A. H. M. S.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, of Alaska fame, delivered an address in the First Congregational church of Washington on Saturday afternoon, November 3d, describing the organization of the W. C. T. U. in Alaska, and stating the present needs of the work. She condemned the Governor of that Territory for licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in direct violation of the organic laws of the Territory. In the evening Miss Ackerman addressed an immense audience of colored people, securing many new members for the colored auxiliary of the W. C. T. U.

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

Rev. Dr. Bothwell of West Oakland presented the subject at the last meeting of the Monday Club, "Why the Masses Do Not Attend the Churches." Among the visitors was Rev. C. R. Hager, who departs this week on his return to mission work in China.

It is expected that Captain Bray of Oakland will address the Club at its meeting on Monday next.

Last Sabbath at the First church in this city, in the morning, Rev. Dr. Barrows preached on the "History, Meaning and Efficacy of Baptism." At night the pastor preached a sermon on the "Church at Ephesus."

The services at the Third church were largely attended last Sabbath. Pastor Cruzan's topics of discourse were "Christ as a Friend," and "A Plea for Thanksgiving Day."

"Christian Giving" was the theme of Rev. Charles F. Wood's sermon at Olivet church.

"The Fixed Heart" was Pastor Pond's theme at Bethany church. At night the celebrated Pundita Ramabai delivered an address.

Rev. Dr. McLean of the First church, Oakland, preached Sunday morning on "The New Covenant." The anniversary of the Sunday-school was held.

Professor Moor's subject last Sabbath morning was "The Necessity of Saying 'No.'"

"Conformed to the Image of Jesus," and "Jesus and His Opposers," were the subjects of discourse by Rev. H. H. Wikoff of Sonoma.

Rev. C. R. Hager spent last Sabbath in Christian work in San Jose.

Services of special interest and fruitage have been held at the Mariners' church lately. Some fifteen conversions have been reported during the last two weeks. Last Sunday Chaplain Rowell preached on "The Witness of Christ as Our Advocate," and "A Convenient Season."

The East Portland church, Rev. H. V. Rominger pastor, received nine new members by letter at the last communion, November 4th.

Through the kindly interest and noble generosity of friends Pomona College is about to remove to more suitable quarters; and the winter term, beginning January 2d, opens in its own new, convenient and commodious building, healthfully and delightfully located at Claremont, a station on the California Central Railroad, three miles from the city of Pomona.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society in Oakland and vicinity have taken a position for a new enterprise at the corner of Thirty-fourth and Market streets, and moved a building, formerly occupied by the Swedes, upon the lot; and the house was dedicated last Sunday. It is about midway between the Golden Gate and Plymouth-avenue churches.

There have been several accessions to the membership of the Congregational church recently, and we understand that there are others who contemplate joining. The church, under the conscientious and zealous direction of Rev. Wolcott, is doing much good and increasing its strength and usefulness.—*South Riverside Bee*. [It should be added to the foregoing that these accessions are in part, at least, the results of a series of evangelistic meetings, in which Rev. Dr. Harwood, General Evangelist for the Congregational churches, assisted the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wolcott says of him: "We were all much pleased with Dr. Harwood, and earnestly desire him to visit us again. I think very highly of his work here. Eleven members have lately been received to the church, and five more have signified their desire to join. More than twenty are believed to have been converted in connection with the special evangelistic service."]

The last of the old year is the time for renewal of subscriptions. We hope all our friends, as they renew, will send also the names of several neighbors or friends, and thus benefit them and THE PACIFIC.

TUCSON.—The Congregational church in Tucson, A. T., has recently been presented with a very fine Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ, through the kind effort of Mr. Charles H. Warren among his friends in Newton, Mass., while on a vacation trip East last summer.

HAYWARDS, Nov. 26, 1888.—The abundant and royal rain gave mud and dark nights at San Leandro and San Lorenzo, with lessened audiences at the Sunday-School Institute sessions. Pastor Ross is a good house-to-house visitor, and was most helpful in all the sessions. Pastor Lynch was obliged to be absent week days, and was much missed. Rev. Mr. Allen, at San Lorenzo, was at the station, and we entered at once upon the delightful calling among the people in their homes. After dinner, Superintendent Crane drove us out among the ranchmen and through the adobe mud. Mr. Crane drove twice to these Haywards gatherings; Mr. Sadler was a real help at San Lorenzo; Secretary McConnell and Mr. Sabin an inspiration at San Leandro; and Mr. C. Geddes (of State Committee) an instructor in all the sessions here. Time for train.

K. A. BURNELL.

It is said that Germans are, to a large extent, displacing native laborers on the sugar plantations in Louisiana.

[For THE PACIFIC.]

A LITTLE STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.

O'er my heart, stealing like a far-off tune,
Comes a memory dear of a lovely June;
Of a cottage home, at a sunset hour,
And a baby-stranger, sweet as a flower.

"Wee Jessie" we called her; and growing
apace,
"Was in all her ways a nameless grace";
So coy and gentle, so tender and mild,
We thanked our God for the beautiful child.

In the clustering rings of fair brown hair,
Were golden threads when the sun shone
there;
Laughing and loving and blue was her eye—
Blue as the sky when the sun is high.

"Ope the door of your lips," this small maid
would cry,
"And sing me to sleep with a sweet lullaby";
"Ope the door of your eye and look at the
sky,
And see if the angels are flying by."

And wearing off of the children's play,
She would creep to our side and patiently
stay
In a small rocking-chair, with spool and
crochet;
"Oh, I am so tired!" was all she would say.

And scarce could she speak ere yet would
she sing,
As soft and clear as a lark in the spring,
"Will you go to that beautiful land I see?
There's rest for the weary, there's rest for
me."

Then, "Tell me of Jesus, my mamma dear,
How he lived and suffered and died down
here;
How the angel rolled the stone away;
I would love to die, too, only you would
stay."

And hardly six summers had glided by,
When one May morning she said, with a
sigh,
"I can't work more, any more, for oh, see,
How my poor right hand falls down by my
knee!"

And, drooping and dying, we laid her to
rest,
With the flowers she loved best upon her
breast;
By an old stone church, where locust trees
grow,
And the wild rose and gentian rustle low.

But oft my heart breathes a silent prayer,
To the dear Lord in heaven where my lost
ones are,
That at last he will "open the door of my
eye,"
And a small angel lead me home in the sky.
Santa Barbara, Cal. H. L. W.

*Paralysis from heart trouble.

PILGRIM CHURCH.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Would a word from Pilgrim church be welcome to your columns? If so, I would like to tell you of the little organization which was started at Sierraville, August 17, 1884. The movement was the outgrowth of a long-felt need in our mountain valley, only a portion of the Congregationalists here having made temporary homes for themselves in the Methodist church, and the whole valley having been without any settled minister for fourteen months at one time. A church of twenty members was organized, with Rev. C. E. Philbrook as pastor. Others have slowly been added to us; for the chances for a rapid growth in church membership cannot be good where the work is scattered over twenty-five miles, and the services at four different places cannot be held every Sabbath; while the inclement weather and bad roads of winter often render it impossible for the minister to reach appointments; and some of the members, living on secluded ranches remote from towns, can give but irregular attendance upon divine service. We know but little of the inner life of some of those who have become members of our household of faith, for the Christian life is a hidden life; but others seem to be reaching out into such rich experiences as to set an example to us who have for many years been but slowly "stepping heavenward."

When we think of the priceless value of one soul, our pastor should not feel that he has worked in vain. If the gathering is not great, the quiet, unostentatious living of a man who has learnt at the feet of the great Teacher cannot be lost on a community. Mrs. Philbrook, in her desire to work for the Master, found in the Sunday-school of Sierraville a field for which she possesses remarkable adaptability. For months she wants of her own family did not prevent her from keeping the parsonage open to the Sunday-school, until its growing numbers filled the house to overflowing. The need of a Congregational chapel was so manifest that, last April, Mr. Philbrook, with greater faith in Him who has promised us help than most of us possess, began the good work, himself heading the subscription list with one hundred dollars. Some others gave generously; while others, living more remote, gave less. The chapel was begun the middle of May, and our pastor had his donation ready for the first expenses which should be incurred; but this is but a part of what he has really given—being naturally handy with tools, he worked side by side with the carpenter for many days, and of all this made no account, and some of our own members are altogether unconscious of the fact.

The work of the chapel has gone on beyond our expectations; but there are still numerous expenses to meet, and for any help which could be given in the work we would feel deeply grateful. We have greatly appreciated the assistance received from Oakland, toward buying our chairs, and also the missionary boxes, which met the needs in our pastor's family we, with our short means, were unable to supply. The ladies interested in the Sunday-school have done nobly in working for our chapel—a Thanksgiving dinner is the next method of lending their services to help the good work on toward completion. "Honor to whom honor is due."

I would say, in closing, that Mr. Philbrook last year received but about two hundred and thirty dollars, aside from the assistance we receive from the Missionary Society, which is, I believe, four hundred dollars per annum. Out of this small salary a family of seven are to be supported, and Mr. Philbrook paid sixty dollars on the debt we owe on our parsonage. Of this fact some of our own members are in ignorance. When men come into these remote regions to work for the Master, it would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished" if they could be met with uniform kindness. But, since the time of our Saviour, the way of his followers often seems thorny. Our eyes are open to human frailties, but we sometimes fail to take in the beauty of Christian living, when it is right in our midst; for this reason I have thought that you might not find unwelcome this account of our church life from

A MEMBER OF PILGRIM CHURCH.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

Very enthusiastic and interesting State conventions have recently been held in Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut. The largest churches in the cities of Worcester, Trenton and Waterbury were called into requisition and were crowded at all the sessions. At Waterbury over a thousand delegates were registered from out of town. Many prominent clergymen from the different denominations were present and participated in the discussions. One interesting feature of the meetings was the practical nature of the discussions. Such questions as "Time," "Money," "Sunday," "Missions," "The Pledge a Necessity to Every Society," being discussed.

In several of the Western States, too, similar conventions were held about the same time. In Wisconsin, the State Convention was a very inspiring meeting, to which many of the delegates came from a distance of two and three hundred miles. The convention of Missouri, held at Kansas City, was in no wise behind the others in numbers or spiritual power, while in Nebraska the State meeting exceeded all previous gatherings in the interest exhibited and in the numbers who attended.

The consecration meetings were prominent features of all these conventions, and the devotional spirit was deep and tender. In fact, the same report has come from all the States which have this fall held their conventions. In them all the work is well organized; it is in the hands of earnest and practical pastors and young business men of various denominations, and the coming year is full of promise.

IMPROVEMENT WITH AGE.

A striking fact that is made plain by thousands of letters and oral testimonies is that the societies do better work each succeeding year, if properly organized in the first place. If the prayer-meeting pledge is left out this is not so; but if this "back-bone of the society" is not weakened, every succeeding year seems to indicate a decided gain in spiritual vigor and activity. Hundreds of societies which started without the prayer-meeting pledge have seen their error and are now re-organizing. Though the number of active members are often very much reduced by this process, the society as a whole is far stronger and more efficient.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese mission, acknowledges the receipt since September 21, 1888, of the following donations, designed to meet the expenses of the fiscal year ending August 31, 1888. He is happy to say that by the aid of these gifts the finances of the year are brought into right condition and its accounts closed very satisfactorily.

I. From Local Missions:

Alameda.....\$ 3 00
Los Angeles—Annual memberships..... 80 00
Sacramento—Annual memberships, etc., \$10.75; Chinese friends, to complete the life membership of Rev. W. C. Merrill, \$10..... 20 75
San Buenaventura—Annual memberships, etc., \$54.90; Rev. Hoo Sing Kay, to constitute himself a life member, \$25..... 79 90
Santa Barbara—Annual membership..... 2 00
Stockton—Annual memberships, etc., \$15; Congregational church, \$4.80 19 80
Total.....\$155 45

II. From Churches:

Bethany.....\$ 5 00
Haywards..... 4 00
Oakland First (additional)..... 92 10
Oakland Plymouth-avenue—Rev. Geo. Moor, D.D., \$15; Rev. J. A. Benton, D.D., \$5; Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D., \$5; Mrs. S. Richards, \$5; Mrs. A. B. Sargent, \$5; Mrs. M. L. Merrill, \$2..... 37 00
San Francisco Bethany—Chinese offerings, \$3. American members: Mrs. Helen P. Sears, \$3; W. C. P. in part to constitute Rev. W. C. Merrill a life member, \$5; to constitute Rev. J. H. Harwood, D.D., a life member, \$25 (total, \$33)..... 36 00
Saratoga (additional)..... 2 00
Vacaville..... 12 00
Total.....\$188 10

III. Individual Helpers:

Messrs. Williams, Diamond & Co.....\$10 00
Messrs. Redington & Co..... 10 00
J. J. Vasconcellos..... 5 00
Total.....\$25 00
Grand total.....\$368 55
E. PALACHE, Treas. C. C. M.
San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1888.

The coldest town in the world is said to be Werchojansk, in Siberia, where the temperature sometimes falls to 89 degrees below zero.

The Congregationalist of Boston, we are told, assumes to be the great national paper of Congregationalism in America. We have a sincere admiration for our contemporary, but we demur to such a claim as this. Notably, within a few months, that paper has declined publishing a communication protesting against the proposed blotting out of the Congregational name from Japan and the absorption of the Congregational churches there into a sort of bastard Presbyterianism. The national sentiment of the Congregational churches of America is not voiced by any paper that cannot frankly oppose such a movement. Out of New England there are few churches that are not opposed to this movement, yet the Congregationalist does not seem to know it; though the Advance, knowing the heart of the continent better, joins in voicing the national sentiment of the churches far more decidedly. If the Congregationalist would move out this way as far as St. Louis, it would be in the line of progress and would become less provincial than it seems to be just now. Genuine Congregationalism does not wish to give itself away to the embrace of any specious solicitation at home or abroad.

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Children's Corner.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

One night an owl was prowling round
Looking for mice, when on the ground
He spied a cat, and straightway flew
Quite close to it. "Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"
Quoth he; "may I again see thee stir?
If here, dressed in a coat of fur,
I do not see a four-legged owl.
Oh, what a very funny fowl!"
It makes me laugh, so droll—ha! ha!
Ha! ha!—it is—ha! ha! ha! ha!
It is, it is, it really is.
The drollest thing I've seen, by far."

"You're much mistaken, scornful sir,"
The cat said, as she ceased to purr;
"For though, like one, I often howl
About at night, I am no owl.
And if I were, why, still would you
Be queerer creature of the two;
For you look, there's no doubt of that,
Extremely like a two-legged cat.
As for your grammar, 'pon my word
(Excuse this giggle), he-he-he-he,
It is, it is, it really is.
The very worst I ever heard."
—St. Nicholas for November.

[For The Pacific.]

THREE FISH STORIES.

BY WALTER FREAR.

I have three fish stories which may interest the readers of the PACIFIC, especially the boy readers. They are not yarns of the sea, but real fish stories and strictly true.

They were told to me in his own home, and afterwards written out for me by the Rev. M. Bond, the veteran and noble missionary of Kohala, Hawaiian Islands. I give them pretty much in his own words. He knew well the persons named, for he had taken them from heathenism, and under his instruction and training they had become true men and Christians.

There are, as the boys know, a good many ways of catching fish, and those who love to whip the brook for trout, or cast the line in lake or sea are eager to learn new arts in taking the shining beauties. The stories will suggest a kind of fishing that they have not yet tried.

A SHARK FIGHT.

The coast of Kohala on the Island of Hawaii is very abrupt. The bluff is high, and the waves of the Pacific dash against it and leap into sparkling foam and spray. Along this part of the island the usual coral reef is absent, and hence the water deepens rapidly from the shore. The Hawaiians are very fond of fish, which they eat with their poi. To secure this much prized food, the Kohala natives have to go out and fish where the water is deep.

Sometime in the year 1868, Na-pele a large muscular young man went fishing out in the deep sea. He took with him two or three friends. They did not go in a canoe or boat or any kind. They laid aside their clothes and took each a bamboo fishing pole, and tied a wallet around their waist to hold the fish they might catch. Then they swam out about three quarters of a mile from the shore, and laid their floating on the ocean and fished there with their poles as you would from a boat. The natives are so much at home in the water that they can do this easily. Na-pele was so intent on his fishing that he did not notice that his companions had passed out beyond him on the ocean. And when by and by he felt a nudging at his elbow he paid no attention to it, thinking that it was one of his playful companions. But pretty soon he felt a sharp prick on his waist. Looking around he was startled to see there not a sportive friend, but a shark who, by this time had taken hold of his lower arm. Quick as thought he dropped his pole, cried out to his companions, and turned to fight for dear life. The shark too meant something more than play. He dropped his hold on the man's lower arm, and took a fresh grip just above the elbow. Na-pele had one free arm and fist, and two good strong legs and feet, and with these he made battle, and did such good execution on the head and stomach of his powerful foe that the desperate fight ended in his favor. He escaped and reached the shore and his life was saved. When his companions heard his cry they gave up Na-pele for lost, and dropping their poles swam as swiftly as they could to shore. When Na-pele reached the land he found only the two bones left of his lower arm, and what looked like a cut skein of yarn, the remnant of the muscles and tendons. The shark had taken all the rest while Na-pele was drawing his arm through his fine, sharp teeth.

It was a brave and desperate struggle. Na-pele lived a number of years after his fight, but had no use of what was before his arm and hand.

The moral is, Never give up in a good fight.

THE DIVING FISHERMAN.

Eight or nine years ago the West Hawaii Association met in Kona. The road from Kohala to Kona is over rough lava, and there are no brooks or springs on the way. It is a severe journey to make, and so the pastor and delegates of the Kohala church—eight or ten in number—thought that they would take a boat and sail to Kona on the ocean, a distance of about sixty miles. On the way the party was becalmed some distance from shore. They were becalmed so long that their provisions began to give out, and they were getting very hungry for something more to eat. But, if they got any more food, it would have to come from the ocean, as the land was so far away. How could they get it? They had no lines or hooks. But no matter for this. They must have some fish, or go hungry, and perhaps starve.

Ka-i-o-ni and Ka-pa-ona were equal

to the emergency. They sharpened a stick of hard wood, and took off their clothes, and, jumping overboard with the sharpened stick in the right hand, they swam down to the bottom of the sea. There they grabbed hold of a rock or piece of coral, and held on with the left hand, and kept very still, and looked about them for any fish that might come that way. They held on there until they speared with the sharp stick, and secured several fish before they came up to the surface. In this way they got food enough to keep the company from being hungry, and finally they got to the Association, and had a first rate meeting.

Sometimes there is not very much sport in this kind of fishing; for now and then the fisherman grabs hold of a stone under which a large, savage eel has snuggled and coiled himself up for a little comfort, or to lie in wait for his prey. Then look out. There is a big fight on hand at once. The great eel, not liking to be disturbed, or thinking that he is catching some big game, seizes the man's arm, bites it savagely, and often lacerates it fearfully. The natives frequently catch these large eels in other ways, and prize them highly for food; but, when the eels get such a chance as this to fight in their own element, they are a foe not to be despised. This kind of fishing inflames the eyes badly, and it is thought by some to be the cause of much of the eye disease and blindness that prevails among the natives.

The moral of this story is, If you cannot do it in one way, try another.

THE DEACON'S PRAYER.

In no part of the Islands have the sharks gained so great a reputation for fierceness and savage daring as in the deep waters of the bold Kohala Coast. They are very large there, and have often attacked a canoe, and either upset it or bitten it in two, and made a meal of the men who were in it. The church of Kohala has lost as many as twenty of its members in this way, or, at least, they went in canoes to fish and were never heard of again, and it is not doubted that they perished in this way.

In the year 1865 three men got into their canoe and went out about two miles from the shore to catch some of the deep-sea fish for food. One of them was Deacon Ku-ke-a-nue, another was Kala, and the other was a friend of theirs. They had fished awhile and caught a few fish, and were very much engaged in their work when one of them, looking up, saw a very large shark making a straight line for their canoe. Of course, they were used to sharks and were not afraid of them, though they knew how strong and savage they were. But they saw at once that this huge shark was not swimming around for fun. They saw that he meant business, and that he was going to get a dinner out of them if he could. From the way he acted they knew that it would be a good providence if they escaped his sharp teeth and strong jaws. The shark was coming straight for the middle of the canoe where the men were. When he came up he snapped his great jaws at their legs, but they jumped aside and the shark missed his game. He then went back just far enough to get a good headway, and, turning about, made straight for the canoe. This time he came toward the prow, where two of the men were standing, and, raising himself up, snapped again at their legs.

By this time things began to look pretty serious, and one of the men said to the others, "We are gone. Land is too far away to look for any help from friends." But the good deacon said, "No; God is a help for the needy, and I believe in prayer. Let us ask him for help." The other two replied, "But who can pray in such trepidation as we are in?" "Oh," says the good old deacon, "there is no trouble about that. I will pray if you will fight the shark with the paddles." They cried, "Oh, yes, we will do that." Just then the shark turned about to make a third charge on the canoe. Their great fear was that he would put his nose under the outrigger and turn the canoe over. Then he could pick up the men at his leisure. Old sharks are up to this trick. The outrigger is a long piece of wood fastened out parallel to the canoe, five or six feet from it, to keep it steady in the rolling sea.

There was no time to be lost. The monster was coming for them. The two men seized the paddles, and the old deacon dropped on his knees to pray. The villainous old shark came up and struck with great force at the men as they stood, but they, obedient to the charges of the good deacon, let drive with all their might at the shark's nose with their paddles turned edgewise, and convinced him that the fight was not all on one side. He retired and returned no more. And so the deacon's prayer ended, and they escaped safe to land. Prayer and paddles together were too much for even that mighty old warrior of the great deep.

The moral is, Pray, but use the paddles.

Purity of doctrine is essential to purity of life. Erroneous teaching on the vital doctrines of salvation is fatal to Christian experience and character. The truth alone, when properly apprehended, makes us free. There is no life-giving power in error. Truth is vital and vitalizing. —Evangelical Messenger.

Hold fast to the Bible as the anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. —U. S. Grant.

A THANKSGIVING.

"What is Thanksgiving for, grandma?" said little Milly Washburn, as she watched her grandma frosting cakes and rolling flaky crust for mince pie, in which she was allowed to place the raisins.

"What makes you make so many beautiful things besides the roast turkey and the chicken pies? The nicest of all, though, are the cousins and the aunts and the uncles all come home. Oh, but ain't it jolly, though?"

Grandma Brown was very, very busy. She had sent Sally, the maid of all work, to put the house to rights, while she must herself prepare the nice things for Thanksgiving dinner. She heard only, "What is Thanksgiving Day for?" and answered: "To thank the Lord for all his mercies, and, Milly, can you run over and carry Harry Benton's wife the basket I've filled for her? She shall have a Thanksgiving dinner, too, poor thing. How I wish Harry'd sign the pledge!"

Milly thought: "What can grandma mean? Does Harry Benton drink?" Milly had held many a spicy conversation with this same Harry Benton, her grandma's hired man, on alcohol and hygiene, which Milly was studying at school. She loved to tell grandma and Harry some of the wonderful things she learned in that valuable book, but had never dreamed that Harry was in danger.

Now she ran upstairs for her bonnet, and wrapped a pretty illustrated pledge card in tissue paper, and when grandma handed her the basket she laid the card on top, and went toward the tenant house which was not far away.

She met Harry on the way, who was walking toward the village, with his head down.

"Where are you going with that heavy basket, Miss Milly?" he asked, as she came toward him.

"Oh, it is heavy," said Milly, setting it down by the wayside; "and, Mr. Harry, it is a present for your wife from grandma, and I want to make her another, but you'll have to help me." And she unfolded the pledge card with its beautiful lilies and roses.

"You see, just here is the place to write your name," she said confidently.

"Do you take me for a drunkard, Miss Milly?" he asked sharply.

"Why, no, Mr. Harry, it's a God helping me pledge, and he helps us all, don't he? Grandma and grandpa and I have all signed it, and I'll give you one for Anna. She'll sign it, I'm sure." And, as if confident that he would do as she asked, she gave him her silver pencil.

"I would like to take the present along with grandma's," she said simply.

Harry had just left his wife in tears because he would go to the village, and she knew too well what that signified. She feared he would lose his excellent place, and she told him so, and he had asked her the same angry question he had now proposed to Milly. He thought silently for a few moments, while the angry flush faded out of his face, then took the pencil, and sitting down on a large stone by the wayside, wrote his name. "God helping me, I'll keep it, too," he said.

"Of course you will! How nice you write, Mr. Harry," said Milly. "Now, if you'll just take hold of one side of this heavy basket till I get to your gate."

Mrs. Benton, wiping her tear-stained eyes, saw her husband returning with Milly Washburn. She went to the door smiling, and Milly said:

"Grandma wanted me to bring you this basket, and it was so heavy Mr. Harry helped me to bring it."

Mrs. Benton lifted the cover and drew forth a fine fat turkey, a mince pie, a loaf of frosted cake, and a bag of cranberries.

"And this is my present, mine and Mr. Harry's," said Milly, giving her the pledge card. Mrs. Benton turned white as she read it, then burst into tears, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Oh, this has made me so happy, Harry!" she said. "Tell Mrs. Brown I thank her very much for her beautiful present, but, Milly, yours and Harry's is the dearest of all."

When Milly returned home with the joyful news, her grandma said:

"I think Harry's wife will never forget this Thanksgiving." —Christian Woman.

WILL IT PROVE A LESSON TO THE BOYS?

The formation of one bad habit often leads to another, and the downward path once entered, we find it hard to retrace our steps. The passion for gambling is said to be even more disastrous in its results than love of ardent spirits, but too often one leads to the other.

A writer of the *Detroit Free Press* gives the following. Will it prove a lesson to the boys?

We were talking about it in the Astor House last evening, and as we did so a spectral form approached, a gaunt-faced, scraggy-haired, thin-bearded man, who beckoned to one of my friends and said: "For the love you bear me, Bill, let me have fifty cents."

The one spoken to gave him a dollar and the man moved off.

When he had gone from the rotunda the other said: "That is a curious coincidence. Ten years ago that man was worth \$40,000. He is a printer by trade. Some of the boys persuaded him to join them in a lottery and he drew \$50. A new idea was shown to him and he began investing. He put up \$1,000 at a time. Sometimes he would get \$100 back, sometimes \$50, \$25, \$5, and in-

deed, on large investments, he would always, I think he told me, draw something, but nowhere near what he would put in, and never again did he draw anything above \$100. He neglected his business and became an habitual purchaser of lottery tickets.

"He is of a nervous temperament, sanguinary, and trusting intuitively that sooner or later luck must turn in his favor. He took to drink. As loss after loss was made he braced up on brandy. His affairs became embarrassed. Three years ago he was a bankrupt. I had known him always, and in my early days," continued the speaker, "he helped me. It is a good thing in life to remember those who helped you, and when he came to me in distress, with his wife and five little ones dependent upon him, and asked that I would do something by throwing a plank across the stream of trouble, something which would help him to build a bridge of permanent support, I set him up in a little printing house which cost me \$1,000. He was bright and had friends, and I influenced considerable printing for him.

"At the end of six months he came to me with trouble written in every line of his face and said: 'Well, Bill, I am broke.' I took his books and could make nothing out of them beyond the fact that in some way or other he was \$400 out. Well, \$400 don't amount to much, but \$400 on top of a thousand, with a prospect of several hundreds more, seems so near to \$2,000, and \$2,000 is such a long step toward \$5,000, that I called a halt. I put his \$400 into the shape of paper, indorsed it, and foolishly had it discounted in my bank, paid off his bills and started him ahead again with work.

"One morning about 10 o'clock I chanced to be down town—Bill is a night worker and is never down town in the daytime except on salary days—and I saw our friend go into a basement. To all intents and appearances the basement was a cigar store. I looked in, saw him buy a cigar and go into a back room. I feared that there were side-board opportunities in there, and feeling a certain degree of responsibility for the money, as well as for him, I went down, and went into the back room, and there the fellow was, with several lottery tickets on the table before him, he counting out money to pay for them. Never mind the scene that followed. Suffice it that I had the pleasure of paying the notes when they became due, and that he had sunk gradually, taking his wife and little ones with him, from comparative wealth to degraded poverty, and he begs of me and of other friends incidental charity, from ten cents up."

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Fred Russell was exceedingly busy. He had only lived in the city three years, and was already known as a "rising young man." The only trouble seemed to be, he told himself, that he had no time for anything except his daily business.

He could not even write to his mother. For the last year, indeed, he had sent only an occasional hurried note.

One night, having finished his work unusually early he sat by the fire thinking about her, and it was "borne in upon him," as she herself would have said, to write her a long letter.

Just now there did seem to be an unoccupied hour for it, and he went to work with zeal. He described his mode of life at great length, inquired with careful interest about all the home affairs, and even tried to tell her at the end that he really loved her dearly, though he seemed to neglect her of late.

"There," said he, when he had finished, "I don't believe I have been as sweet on anybody since I was a boy; and here I register a vow that I will write every week—as good letters, too, as I know how to concoct."

When he came home that night, he found a telegram awaiting him:

"Mother is sick. Come at once." He hurried down to the quiet country village, and by the time he reached the desolate home, the message should have been changed to read, "Mother is dead."

Just as those words were uttered by his sobbing sister, he chanced to glance at the table, where lay his letter—unopened.

She would never read it. The dear eyes were not now to be brightened, nor the faithful heart cheered, by seeing, in those loving words, the record of his good intentions. It was too late.—*Central Methodist*.

ACCACIA IN AMERICA.

Within a radius of 60 miles of Nashville, Tenn., there is to be found a tree that is said to be the shittim wood of ark fame. Celebrated botanists from all over the country have examined the trees, and agree that they grow nowhere else on the globe. They have decided that it is the shittim wood of which Noah's ark was constructed, mention of which is made several times in the Bible. The tree is medium sized, with very dark, smooth bark, and the wood is of a bright gold color. In early spring the trees are laden with long, white blossoms, closely resembling great ostrich plumes. There seems to be no doubt about the identity of the trees, and it is remarkable that they are found only in this small area, and so few at that.—*Scientific American*.

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

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throughout of best patent steel wire—keys
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device, instead of wood, is the greatest in-
vention ever made in pianos. It consists
of stationary steel tuning pins that are set
in a mold and motion steel is run round
the pins keeping them solidly in place. A
thimble or shell pin is made to exactly fit
the stationary pin revolving thereon; thus
the strings wind round the pins. After the
strings are properly stretched the piano
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JANUARY 1, 1887.

Miscellany.

WITNESSES.

"I am working alone, and no one heeds!"
Who says so does not know
There are clear eyes watching on every side,
And wherever our feet may go,
We are "compassed about with so great a cloud!"

That if we could only see
We could never think that our life is small,
Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone
Life's burdens and all its care;
And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart
Vanish into the air;
But we do not suffer or work alone,
And after a victory won
Who knows how happy the hosts may be
Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

Oh, do not deem that it matters not
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless crowd
That you see go to and fro;
For all that is noble and high and good
Has an influence on the rest,
And the world is better for every one
Who is living at his best.

But even if human eyes see not,
No one is unobserved—
There are censures deep and plaudits high
As each may be deserved;
We cannot live in a secret place;
There are watchers always by;
For heaven and earth are full of life,
And God is ever nigh.

Oh, for a life without reproach,
For a heart of earnestness,
For self forgotten, for meanness slain,
For hands well used to bless!
God raise us far from the little things,
And make us meet to be
Skilled workers here in the place we fill,
And servants unto thee!

—Marianne Farningham.

THE BAZAAR AT STAMBOUL.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

During my stay in Constantinople my favorite amusement of an afternoon was to go over to Stamboul, accept the kind invitation of some merchant to take coffee in his shop, sit there for an hour, gossiping and watching the movement of the bezzestis. Such an invitation may be readily accepted, and you may even inspect a merchant's whole stock without buying anything, and yet he will not grudge you his hospitality and the savory cup of coffee. It is not the splendor of the bazaar that strikes one; indeed, as we have seen, the bazaar is a dirty, ill-lighted, cheap-looking place. It is not the aspect of multifarious merchandise—rich stuffs, and all the fabulous luxury of the East—for, after all, there is little but paltry and current goods in the bazaar nowadays, and our Western dealers, and even such establishments as the Louvre, the Bon Marche and the other grand bazaars of London and Paris can boast a finer stock of stuffs, carpets, and Oriental arms than any of the dealers of Constantinople. The routes of commerce have changed, and the traveler who goes to Stamboul, thinking to come back laden with treasures is doomed to disappointment. If he does happen to find something exceptional, he will inevitably pay dearer for it than he would pay in other parts of Europe; and that, too, after having had to go through the disagreeable process of bargaining and beating down, which is the beginning and end of Oriental ideas of business. My experience in the bezzestis revealed to me the fact, that, as a rule, the dealers ask for any object even for a pair of *babouches*, just five times the price they are willing to accept. Nor did they ask me this price because I was a Frank and a glaiour, but because such is their habit, whether they are dealing with Franks, or Mussulmans, or Zoroastrians. No; to my mind the interest of the bazaar is in the general aspect. The bazaar forms a sort of neutral ground, where you can observe the Turk, and the Persian, and all the other people who meet there, without their resenting your curiosity; it is a place where curiosity is legitimate, and where everybody indulges freely in the satisfaction of that sentiment. Above all, the bazaar is an Oriental institution, which has remained unchanged except in the character of the goods sold. It is true, one sees there bales of Manchester cottons, rolls of English cloth, cargoes of Russian hollow-ware; but this fact does not prevent one seeing at every moment details of life and customs which are precisely noted in that inimitable mixture of fancy and realism, the stories of Scherazade. It is a perpetual charm to the eyes to see this living exhibition of costume; to note here a dervish, there a turbaned Turk who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, there a grave Persian, and there a swarthy eunuch who cannot find diamonds big enough for his vanity. It is amusing, too, to watch the coquettish ladies of the middle classes, who come in groups of two or three, followed by their children and their negroes, the latter carrying big bags, into which their mistresses pass their purchases. For, although Moslem jealousy does not allow women to keep shop, and although in the whole quarter of Stamboul you will not see a single woman of any nationality engaged in commercial occupations, there are no more active buyers and no keener bargainers than the Turkish ladies. Draped in their long *feridjis*, and with their faces and heads enveloped in the white *yachmach*, they spend hours and hours in the bazaars; chattering like magpies, and lavishing torrents of abuse on the "dog of a Christian," on the "son of a father who is roasting in hell," on the glaiour who dares to look too fixedly in their beautiful flashing eyes. Sometimes, also, but then under the guard of an eunuch, you see in the bazaar women of higher rank—perfumed flowers of the harem, whose white and delicate visage the sun has never tarnish-

ed, but who, like their less favored sisters, seem to dream only of dress and sugar-plums.

I confess that this contempt of the Franks, which the Turks do not disguise, gave me much pleasure. They at least, among all the nations of the earth, have not bowed the knee before the idol of progress. Firm in the faith of their fathers, they calmly ignore Western civilization; and if they do recognize the existence of the Occidental, it is only to despise him, and not to ape him, and thereby lose their own personality, which has been the fate of so many nations who have become the victims of Western propagandism and Western ideas. At Constantinople, or at least, in Stamboul, you feel that you, a Frank, do not exist in the eyes of a Turk. You may wear the largest check suit that a London tailor can produce, and yet the Turk will pass without deigning even to look at you. At the public fountains he will go through all his religious ablutions in your presence as if you were miles away. He will spread out his carpet, turn his face toward Mecca, and say his prayers, while you are looking on; and so mean are you in his estimation that he ignores you. For this dignity and stability of character I respect the Turk; and I am grateful to him for procuring me a sensation which is not common in foreign travel, in Europe at any rate—the sensation that I am an intruder, a contemptible dog, a person worthy only to be spat upon and killed. Happily, the diplomatic relations which the Sultan Porte still entertains with the Western world guarantee the material security of the traveler in the Sultan's dominions. But everything in Constantinople tells us that the Turk, although he has now been living in Europe for centuries, is now a nomad in nature and a conqueror by inclination. In Constantinople the Turks camp rather than dwell, and were they to be driven out of the city to-morrow, they would leave behind them no monument of their genius but tattering tombstones and tumble-down wooden houses.

—Atlantic.

EFFECT OF GAMBLING ON FLOUR AND COFFEE.

Nine dollars a barrel for the finest flour seems like an exorbitant figure, and yet, at this writing, that price appears to be as low as the dealer can afford to retail it for.

This advance is partly due to the well-founded recent reports and our production of wheat, this year, will not be as large as at first anticipated; while, at the same time, the supply in foreign countries is still less. But this condition is not so bad as to warrant an advance of fifty per cent. in a single month; other causes, of a gambling nature, are mainly accountable for this.

But the unpleasant fact remains that flour is exorbitantly high, and an appropriate question is—What are we going to do about it? Use poor flour, and have sour and dyspeptic-making bread? No! don't be tempted by false economy to try the experiment. If it is necessary to economize, rather try the experiment of more frequently using corn cakes, corn dodgers, corn waffles. This can be done without detriment to health and a certain saving of money. And good rye bread is not used as often as it should be, and those who, from force of habit, are disposed to look down upon this bread may be surprised to find how palatable it is when rightly made.

If all consumers of flour were to reduce their consumption one third by such substitutes it is quite probable that nine dollars a barrel for flour would be unknown.

The high prices of coffee have not only been maintained but, owing to recent efforts of the coffee gamblers, have been again advanced.

If you see advertised "Best Java Coffee, Roasted, 25c. a pound," you may justly expect to be deceived if you purchase. Java coffee can not be sold at twenty-five cents—nor can any good coffee be sold at that price to-day.

The claim is made that, notwithstanding the early predictions to the contrary, the coffee crop is small. Perhaps it is. It is now so difficult to obtain absolutely reliable figures, on account of the manipulating of reports by both "bulls" and "bears" that everybody must form his own opinion after examining the contradictory statements of the two factions. But it seems probable that two high prices will continue for some time unless American coffee consumers follow the example of their English cousins, and use more tea and less coffee. Perhaps, the ordinary tea that is sold in this country might not prove an altogether satisfactory substitute, because it is so much lighter, but if a richer, heavier tea than the ordinary, such as the Ceylon Blend, for instance, were used, it is quite probable that in many cases it would be accepted as an occasional or frequent substitute. It is said that in America seven pounds of coffee are consumed to one pound of tea, while in England the case is just reversed. It may be of interest to bear in mind that while coffee, if good, costs about one cent a cup, the cost of good tea, like that mentioned, will not exceed a quarter of a cent.

Those directly interested in household economies may be repaid by following the above hints and trying the experiment of substituting tea for coffee at one or more of the three daily meals.—November Table Talk.

If when thou makest a bargain thou thinkest only of thyself and thy gain, thou art a servant of mammon.—Paul Faber.

THE MIKADO AND THE SHOGUN.

Twenty-one years ago the Emperor of Japan was a mere figurehead, and his predecessors for more than five hundred years had been little more. They lived in strict seclusion and exercised no ruling power. Only a few nobles of the highest rank had the privilege of beholding the Emperor's face. The Japanese throne has never been banded about from one dynasty to another. Their history begins twenty-five hundred and forty-nine years ago—before Nebuchadnezzar conquered the Jews. During this time, one hundred and twenty-three sovereigns have sat on the throne, nine of whom have been women, and all have belonged to this one dynasty. It is a nameless dynasty, for it is beyond the need of a family name.

The form of government was an absolute monarchy, and the early emperors were the direct executive heads. The empire was divided into gun (*goon*), or provinces, and these subdivided into ken. This was called the gun-ken system, and the whole was under the rule of the Emperor.

There was, from very early times, a Shogun, or general; but at first his power was small. Yoritomo, one of the most celebrated men in Japanese history, obtained great power during a civil war in the twelfth century by restoring order and establishing firm government. He became the most powerful subject in the empire, and the Mikado appointed him Sei Tai Shogun (*say ti sho-goan*) in 1192. This title means "Barbarian-quelling Great General," and it was the greatest honor that could be conferred on a subject. The whole country was placed under military rule, and this was the beginning of the double system of Japanese government. Gradually, more and more power was concentrated in the Shogun's hands, while only empty dignities and numerous titles were left to the Emperor.

That "son of heaven," however, though often a child, was the source of all rank and dignity; and, though the office of Shogun became hereditary in certain families, and though the Shogun lived with the pomp and splendor of a king, he always owed his appointment to the Emperor. The Shogun assumed the protectorship of the Emperor.

This form of government was called the Shogunate.

Under this double system of government, the Mikado and the Shogun, the outside world supposed there were two emperors, one a spiritual, the other a temporal emperor. This "temporal Emperor" was merely the Mikado's general. The Mikado, the "son of heaven," lived at Kioto, a city beautifully situated, in a palace much like a temple in outward appearance, but with little of the splendor of a European palace. Magnificence of display might do very well for upstart generals, but was unseemly for the semi-divinity of royalty. The Shogun lived at Yeddo, which was thus the real seat of government.—St. Nicholas.

KEEP AWAY.

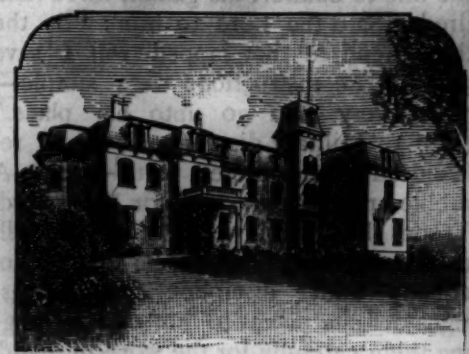
The proprietor of a high-toned drinking saloon in New York signed the pledge and closed his dram-shop. On learning that a company of lads had organized themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them some of his experience as a rum-seller. "I sold liquor," said he, "eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effect. I have seen a man take his first glass in my place, and afterward find the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon who now cannot buy a dinner. I recall twenty customers, worth from one to five thousand dollars, who are now without money, place or friends." He warned the boys against entering the saloon on any pretext. He said that he had seen a young fellow, a member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say when asked to drink, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said he, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any one, no matter how strong his resolutions, is outside the door of the saloon."

A young minister, at his ordination, said: "There was a period in my life when I was nearly betrayed into infidelity; but there was one argument which I, nor any one about me, could confute—namely, the holy and consistent life of my own father." It is his own father that God purges most thoroughly. The services of his house, the preaching of his Word, the recurring sacraments, sweep over that floor in constant draughts. Ever and anon there comes a "rushing mighty wind," and smites the four corners of the house. All these ordinances and extra-ordinances, the still voice and the sound from heaven, are the waving and the wafting of the fans of God; and by-and-by the floor will be bare, and there will be only the garnered grain and the burning chaff.—Christian Intelligencer.

Among the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus: "This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose whole support he is." The Secretary of the Bureau wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note, "The circumstances of this case are evidently exaggerated."—The Baptist Weekly.

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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

It costs \$1,200,000 per annum to keep the streets of Paris clean.

Great activity is being displayed in improving the armament of the Northern forts in China.

Alexander H. Stephens, during his lifetime, gave one hundred and fifty boys and fifty girls collegiate educations.

A pile of old horseshoes, nine feet by twenty-five and as high as the second story of the owner's house, was recently sold in St. Louis for shipment East, to be remelted. It weighed 750 tons; price, eighty-five cents per 100 pounds.

K. Tatsumo, a professor in Tokio University and a Japanese authority on engineering and architecture, is now in this country studying American architecture, preparatory to making plans for the Imperial bank building of Japan.

Vassar College receives \$130,000 from the late John Guy Vassar, who also gives to the Vassar Brothers' Hospital \$252,000 and the John Guy Vassar Home for Orphans \$100,000, besides making these three institutions the residuary legatees.

The Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which left Philadelphia for the Orient early last summer, was shipwrecked in the Mediterranean Sea, September 29th. No one was lost. The members are encamped on Samos Island.

The Commissary General of the United States Army, in his last report, again suggests that allowance for soldiers' food should always take the form of food, and that the savings from the ration should no longer, as at present, go to the support of post schools.

Two Japanese were recently in Chicago who have been buying machinery in England for cotton and woolen mills to be erected in Osaka and Tokio. Labor will cost only ten cents a day for girls and thirty cents for skillful men. The raw material will come from China.

At the congress of the advocates of cremation, recently held in Vienna, the statement was brought out that there exist at present throughout the world fifty crematories, most of which are in the United States, twenty in Italy, and one each in Germany (Gotha), England, France and Switzerland.

The Connecticut apple crop this year is simply enormous. At South Glastonbury an orchard owner has more than 2,000 bushels of Baldwins upon his trees. In many places the branches are scarcely able to bear up their burdens. Onions are also unusually plentiful, retailing throughout the State at sixty cents a bushel.

The Governor of Montana, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, estimates the population of the Territory at 140,000, an increase of 10,000 over his estimate of last year. The report says that Montana enjoys the enviable distinction of being entirely free from debt, owing not a dollar and with plenty of money in the treasury.

The public debt of France now amounts to \$6,400,000,000, and it is annually increasing at the rate of \$100,000,000. Military expenditures are enormous, and there is a clamor for internal improvements. The Minister of Finance in this emergency proposes to lay an income tax upon such portions of the incomes of resident foreigners as are collected and spent in France.

A railroad has just been opened in China from Tientsin to Tongshan, eighty-one miles. C. W. Kinder superintended the work, and a Chinaman named Tong King-Sing supplied the means and defended his work. He proposes to build the railroad to Peking, eighty miles further, and to Shan-hai-kuan, in the opposite direction eighty miles, and also to have various branches. The world moves.

The project of an Indo-European canal, by way of the Euphrates valley and the Persian Gulf, will, it is claimed, realize two important results, namely, those of irrigation and navigation, and thus restore fertility to those vast wastes. Such a canal would shorten the present route of going and coming to Bombay some six days. Scientific authorities do not consider the engineering difficulties involved in such an undertaking of an insuperable character—nothing which would seriously resist the efficiency of modern appliances—but the estimated expense is enormous.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Association was held at the building last Thursday evening. Mr. V. N. Johnson, Assistant Secretary, presiding. Reports were presented from all the working committees, and it was reported that nearly ten thousand young men had visited the building during the past month; three hundred members had joined, and thirty-six situations had been secured for unemployed young men. The usual number of visits had been made to sick young men, and the religious work was in a most healthy and flourishing condition. All departments of the building crowded nightly, and the work was never more encouraging. A meeting of the Board of Directors was held the same afternoon, at which time the new building project was thoroughly discussed, and probably something will be undertaken in that direction within the next few months.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON DEC. 9.

JUDGES 7: 1-8.

BY REV. W. N. MESERVE.

GIDEON'S ARMY.

I. Gideon.

1. The first mention of this notable man is in chapter vi: 11. The angel of the Lord appearing to him said: "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." This to an obscure man in an obscure place! Externally considered, Gideon would not have been taken for a great man. He wore no badge, was not stilted with pride, had about him no air of self-assertion, and he was not too great to work. History speaks of numerous great men who have been found in retirement, engaged in plodding occupations, but who had conspicuous gifts for an exigency.

2. Gideon could hardly credit his senses. "I am the least in my father's house (vi: 15). So was David, but according to the Lord's plan the last or least shall be first. Gideon seems to have had no suspicion of his real greatness; why should he, for likely he shared the common opinion that intellectual or physical supremacy was the first qualification, whereas, a simple, childlike dependence on God is of first importance. Gideon's test was no impeachment of his faith; he wished to satisfy himself that his visitor was in reality the angel of the Lord. He called for a sign. Jesus said no sign should be given to a wicked and adulterous generation except that of the prophet Jonah. For a lawful purpose, to an accepted servant, signs may be given. Gideon, though a member of an idolatrous family, seems to have been slightly if at all tainted by Baal worship.

3. The angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon at a wine-press where he was beating out wheat. This is suggestive of the good use to which a wine press may be put. What shall be done with the breweries and distilleries? First get them, then convert them into granaries where the grain is not destroyed by chemical processes, but preserved for lawful uses.

4. That same night Gideon not only burnt an offering unto the Lord, but burnt his bridges by digging down Baal's altars and cutting down the Asherah. It was a bold, brave act, but Gideon was equal to it. Joash was called on loudly and angrily in the morning to bring forth his son Gideon to death. By an ingenious plea the responsibility was shifted upon Baal, who, if able, was recommended to vindicate himself. This argument was girded with common sense. The sequel would show that the point was well taken.

II. Gideon's army.

1. This army consisted of thirty-two thousand men; one in ten, perhaps, of those who should have rushed to arms, only too glad of a chance for practical patriotism. It is never enough to win an inheritance; it must be maintained. The enemy, "Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the East, lay along in the valley like locusts for multitude" (v: 12). Gideon's army "rose up early" and "pitched beside the spring of Harod." Early rising is characteristic of true army vigilance. The army of the Potomac often manned the trenches or marched before daylight.

2. So great was the disparity in numbers between the two armies that the larger part of Gideon's force became fearful, and did, when the opportunity offered, what soldiers are very slow to do; they confessed their fear by retiring. Ten thousand remained ready and willing for the sacrifice. Here were ten thousand men whose courage was based on the knowledge of Israel's history. "If God be for us who can be against us?" might well have inspired their action. These were men who in no hearty way had bowed the knee to Baal. There are no forlorn hopes in the line of duty.

3. There returned of the people twenty-two thousand—not necessarily cowards, but fearful and unbelieving. These twenty-two thousand acted on their own judgment, not taking counsel with God. Humanly speaking, they acted prudently—better to go home and run the risk of spoliation than certainly to be killed outright, or fall into the hands of a relentless enemy, with untold horrors for the dear ones at home sure to follow. And then, who is this Gideon? When or where has he given account of himself as one worthy to lead? He claims the divine call, but where has he made it authentic? Reasoning humanly, the retirement of the twenty-two thousand had a strong savor of good sense about it. It accorded with the divine will.

4. But ten thousand are too many! For "the Lord can save by few as well as by many." In order to reduce the number to the right minimum a singular test is applied—a test that would seem to reserve to the Lord's use the weakest rather than the strongest; and, judging by the tenor of the history, it would appear that the Lord intended to employ the weak to confound the mighty. A strong man, inured to life's activities, will easily and naturally bend to the water, thrust his mouth into it and drink. It evidences physical weakness to lift water in the hand and lap it.

5. Here the cavalier finds food for merriment. Thirty-two thousand such may have halted on commanding positions to comment on the situation; opposite, on the hillside, and in the valley, a host, like the "locusts for multitude" (v: 12), getting into readiness for battle; opposed to them a beggarly three hundred, with weak spines (but with good courage), led by a man unknown to fame! What possibility for victory! They see none.

6. Gideon is reassured by word from the Lord; that word he could pass along the line to comfort his gallant three hundred. Said the Lord to him: "By the three hundred that lapped will I save you." The instructions were simple—"Let every man go unto his place."

(V: 7.) Military discipline is never relaxed on a well-ordered battle-front. A rabble army is only glut for the sword. Troops like Cromwell's Ironsides will carry everything before them that is not equally under discipline. Gideon assigns definite places to his men, arranging them carefully for the work in hand. Unwieldy numbers, though valiant, may be fatally cumbersome. Precision and celerity are prime factors in successful warfare.

7. That the Lord's ways are not like ordinary human ways is shown not merely in the selection of Gideon's battalion, but in their equipment—trumpets, pitchers and candles! With this armament and their battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," they rushed impetuously forward in three companies. To certain and deserved death would be the verdict of cold criticism; but the mouth of that lion is stopped by the fact; the sword of the Lord and of Gideon and the shining lamps of the three hundred put the mighty toe to rout, who stood not upon the order of their going, but fled, every man for his life.

8. These accounts of God's leading and interference in behalf of his chosen people are the bulwark of faith in any subsequent age. Underlying this history is a method which obtains in individual experience. Every Christian may be a Gideon—must be in the cardinal outlines of that remarkable history. Gideon was estranged from God when called. Hearing the call he listened and obeyed. Wishing to assure himself, he applied an effectual test. Being satisfied, he surrendered unconditionally. From that moment there was no halting. Knowing the Lord's will, he obeyed. "Nothing is too hard for the Lord" seems to have been his faith. He moved forward in the very sublimity of unquestioning obedience.

The way of Gideon is the royal way. To argue the case with God, bringing his wisdom into question, is puerile. Simply to obey is reasonable and grand. The ages have crowned this man Gideon, who emerged from obscurity, not so much because of commanding talent, but because he had a tractable spirit that God could use.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

The ladies of the Benevolent Society, better known as the "Sewing Circle," and comprising most of the older ladies of the First Congregational church, have been engaged for some years, in a quiet way, in raising a fund for the purchase of a baptismal font for the use of the church. The plan, originated by Mrs. A. L. Stone, the wife of the former pastor, has now been crowned with success, and last Sabbath the beautiful marble font was dedicated at the morning service, with appropriate exercises. Warren's beautiful composition, "Fill the Font with Roses," with words adapted to the occasion, written by a member of the church, was sung with fine effect by the choir. A sermon on the subject of "Baptism" was delivered by Dr. Barrows to an attentive audience, and concluded with a happy allusion to the spotless marble font, as the happy result of the labor of loving hearts and hands.

On Sabbath afternoon a private christening of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker took place; on which occasion Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, former pastor of the church, and now the pastor emeritus, officiated in administering the rite to his granddaughter using on the occasion water from the River Jordan, the choir chanting the baptismal chants. It was a solemn and interesting occasion, and a fit consecration of the beautiful font. This day was also the 73d birthday of the Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone.

The old and well-beloved pastor, and the infant granddaughter, representing the two extremes of life, and the associations connected with the font and church, made the occasion one never to be forgotten by the few friends who were so fortunate as to witness the sacrament.

Do our readers know how fine a school we have in Hopkins Academy? Let them go and see it, if they can; or, if not, let them inquire about it of men best informed and best fitted to judge. We speak "by the book" and on the very highest authority, when we say that it is the best school in the State in which to prepare for the University. We know, for we ourselves have found it so, how warm and genial a home it is. We know that no better place can be found for training not in books only, but in character. The discipline is not military nor is the obedience compulsory, but the discipline is well nigh perfect and the obedience almost unexceptionable. There seems to be something about the teachers and about the whole atmosphere of the school that sets the boys at conquering themselves, and obedience is thus made to be willing, and the strictest discipline and close and steady application and general good cheer are found abiding side by side.

MARRIED.

SCHAFITZ-BACHMANN.—In this city, November 16th, by the Rev. J. B. Howell, Mr. Albert Schafitz to Miss Anna Bachmayer, both of San Francisco.

The total number of yellow fever cases in Jacksonville, Fla., up to November 10th was said to be 4,240.

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IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF ELIZABETH I. COUCH TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER.

Notice is hereby given that I, Elizabeth I. Couch, wife of Hosea M. Couch, residing in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, being desirous of availing myself of the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure, intend to make application to the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1888, at the opening of the court on that day, or on such other day to which the hearing may be postponed by the Court, for a judgment and order of said Superior Court, authorizing me to carry on and transact business in my own name and on my own account as sole trader. The nature of the business I propose to carry on and conduct is that of keeping a lodging house in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ELIZABETH I. COUCH.
November 23, 1888.

I have used several bottles of Ely's Cream Balm with great success. Had the catarrh so bad that whenever I would blow my nose it would bleed. Would hawk till entirely out of breath. Since using the Balm I am quite a different man. Would not be without it.—Charles Beisel, Co. K, 17th Infantry, Fort Conster, Mont.

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